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THE war debts debate on Wednesday was a fine show, with some plain speaking, and a first-class row stirred up by Mr. Lloyd George. But it was not much more than a show; the House was discussing a *fait accompli*, and everybody knew perfectly well why we ought not to pay, and why nevertheless we were going to pay. It is not expedient (for "morality" in this case is merely the parliamentary euphemism for expediency) to repudiate—this time. But whilst there is general agreement on that, there is also general agreement that we cannot, or shall not, pay next time. We have, in effect, given notice that, if the worst comes to the worst, we shall repudiate in June. It rests now with the United States to save us and themselves and the world at large from this final expedient. At the moment all that can be said is that American opinion, even the stickiest section of it, is impressed by the events of this week, and that the prospects of a settlement begin to look better.

* * *

But France has introduced awkward complications. France, of course, could afford to pay, if she chose, but she does not choose. And her repudiation, as M. Herriot insisted, breaks the "united front" with Great Britain. That is hailed with satisfaction by Mr. Churchill, and a good many others in this country, and on a superficial view it seems to promise us some advantage. If America is angry with the French and pleased with us, we may get a cancellation or a generous revision, whilst they are held to their bond. But that would be a comparatively small gain. What we want is not merely to save ourselves some millions of pounds a year, but, first, to clear up the whole tangle of international debts and reparations, and then to proceed to positive and concerted measures of reconstruction. How is any of that possible with France in isolation, at loggerheads with America, refusing to pay her creditors and demanding payment (though knowing she will not get it) from her debtor? We may be irritated by the knowledge that we have paid and she has not, though she can afford to pay quite as well as we can, and we may deplore the example she has set in this default. But we have got to make the best of it, and so has America, and making the best of it can mean one thing only—the all-round settlement.

* * *

In the *Daily Telegraph* for December 12th Brig.-Gen. Spears makes a plea for "setting off" against the British war debt the sum owed to British bondholders by various States of the American Union. With accrued interest, General Spears estimates these debts

as "certainly not less than £100,000,000." The money was borrowed, both before and after the Civil War, for purposes of internal improvement, and has nothing to do with the Confederate war debt. There is obviously no hope that the Federal Government can be induced to assume responsibility for these repudiated debts. For they were contracted by eight States, not by the Federal Government, and the citizens of the other forty States would object to being saddled with them. For another thing, if the Federal Government, by its action, were to admit the bad faith of these eight States, their citizens (who presumably regard their repudiation as just and proper) would raise most difficult problems of constitutional law. One use, however, could be made of these debts, the very existence of which is almost unknown in America. If the whole sordid story were given publicity it would unquestionably have a useful effect on American public opinion. It should at least silence the representatives of the defaulting States. As General Spears writes, "it is a little trying that the representatives of Mississippi (one of the worst offenders), Senator Harrison and Representative Collier, should to-day be among those who demand the most inflexible policy of debt enforcement against Europe."

* * *

Germany's scruples have at last been overcome, and with her return to the Disarmament Conference there is a renewed hope of something being achieved at Geneva. But hope does not yet mean confidence. The formula agreed upon by the Five Powers contains more shadow than substance. Equality of rights is conceded to Germany—in principle. The French thesis of security is also conceded in principle. The European States will "solemnly re-affirm" their previous affirmations against resorting to force. And finally the Governments of the Five Powers undertake to work out without delay a convention for the drastic reduction of armaments. This is the job which they entered on ten months ago and which they have been fumbling with and wrangling about ever since. Unless they tackle it now in a very different spirit, the "triumph" of bringing the Germans back will be the merest futility. Credit is due to the Prime Minister for the mediatory part he has played in this affair. But he and his Government must bear their full share of responsibility for the general failure to disarm. British policy, as revealed by Sir John Simon at the Conference and by other Ministers in Parliament, has lagged behind public opinion; it has been timid, hypocritical and obstructive. But of late there have been signs of a change of heart, and if the disarmament party in the Cabinet can keep its end up, we may at length get deeds instead of words from Geneva.

* * *

The Manchurian question has gone from the Assembly of the League to the Committee of Nineteen, and from that to a sub-committee of five. The sub-committee includes representatives of Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Spain and Switzerland, and its business is to draft a resolution. It is naturally not easy to get agreement, for the smaller Powers want a plain condemnation of Japan, whilst Sir John Simon stands for hedging, or, as it is politely called, conciliation. Meanwhile, the Japanese show not the slightest disposition to budge. They know the strength of the general feeling against them, but they also know the general unwillingness to back that feeling by any action. Their hope lies in protracting the discussion; they desire, as the *Times* correspondent in Tokio puts it, "delay while Manchukuo gets an opportunity to consolidate itself." Whether the United States and Soviet Russia will be joined with the Committee of Nineteen is still uncertain. The Japanese have objected, and they will object still more strenuously now that the Soviet Government has suddenly resumed relations with China. This has caused intense chagrin in Japan, where considerable hopes were beginning to be built on Russian forbearance and caution. There is no ground, of course, for assuming that the Soviets will be less cautious. But it hardly looks as if they contemplated the recognition of Manchukuo.

* * *

We strongly objected to the tone of the first British reply to the Persian Government which had in it all the truculence of the old imperialism. But the British Government has now put itself in the right by appealing to the Council of the League under **Article 15**, which binds Members of the League to bring before it disputes "likely to lead to a rupture." Since Persia has also appealed to the League the dispute will now be considered by the one suitable authority. Persia naturally demurred to our proposal to go to the Hague Court: its case after all rests on considerations of equity rather than of substantive law. On grounds of equity the Persian Government may well prove to have a strong case even though some of the reasons now advanced in defence of cancellation may sound as if they were trumped up at the last minute. For it is true that the whole situation has changed since the concession was made: no one in those days imagined a situation in which the Company would become part of a world oil combine deliberately restricting oil production. There is point in the Shah's contention that the oilfield is not being fully exploited. In any case, if all the Shah wants is a revision of the terms of the concession, he is entitled to state his case, and it is well for us to admit this right at a time when almost every nation, including Great Britain, is discussing in terms of varying propriety the desirability of repudiating or revising old contracts.

* * *

Despite Mr. J. H. Thomas's optimistic assurances, signs are not lacking that Canada is anxious to whittle down where she can the concessions—none too large in themselves—to which her representatives agreed at Ottawa. The outstanding question at present in dispute is whether British producers are to have direct access to the new Canadian Tariff Board, or whether the right to raise questions before the Board is to be confined to the British Government. Obviously, it makes a very great difference; it is bound to be embarrassing for the Government to take up individual cases, unless they raise broad questions of principle, and there will inevitably be reluctance on its part to be constantly bringing up matters in which it will have to risk a rebuff, and probably provoke unpleasant

reactions on the Canadian side. If the right conceded at Ottawa is to be of any real value it must accrue to the British manufacturer directly, and not involve the making of the Government a party to each appeal. Even so, we doubt whether much will come of it in practice ; but in the form now proposed by the Canadians it is likely to be not merely useless, but an active source of political friction between this country and Canada. So, patently and quickly, the Ottawa settlement begins to reveal its perils.

* * *

The Government's housing policy is beginning to take shape. There are rumours that something big in the way of slum clearance is contemplated, and we hope they may prove true. There is certainly nothing big in the proposals that have already seen the light. One is the Bill for abolishing subsidies and guaranteeing loans from building societies, which is going, so we are told, to encourage and facilitate the provision of new houses at reasonably low rents. We shall be very agreeably surprised if it does not have the opposite effect. The other is the new Rent Restrictions Bill, which passed its second reading on Tuesday. This is not quite the reactionary measure that Messrs. Maxton and Buchanan pretended. It maintains the control of houses occupied by the great mass of poor tenants. But it threatens hardship to numbers of the lower middle class and better-off working class, the tenants of medium-rented houses. These, in view of the general reduction of salaries and wages, badly need the protection which is to be withdrawn. And unless this and other defects are remedied in the committee stage, there will be few to endorse the Solicitor-General's boast that " the Government have succeeded in steering the old ship Private Enterprise successfully between the rock of confiscation and the whirlpool of profiteering."

* * *

The London Passenger Transport Bill is now through Committee, and the Government has successfully defeated its own back-bench opponents at the cost of a good deal of wasted parliamentary time. The Bill emerges from its series of ordeals greatly changed from the measure originally projected by the Labour Government, and shorn of most of the features which any rational person could regard as socialistic. Since the power to appoint the Board was taken away from the Minister of Transport, and the authority of the Minister in other matters removed, the most interesting controversy has been over the right of the Board to undertake the manufacture of its own equipment. The Tories would gladly have taken the right away altogether. That could hardly be done in face of the existence of the Associated Equipment Company as a section of Lord Ashfield's Combine. The right to manufacture has, however, been confined within the narrowest possible limits—limits so narrow as clearly to prejudice the provision of equipment at the lowest cost. The final form of the clause dealing with this point is not yet settled. The back-benchers—but not the Government—have made it clear that they are less concerned with promoting the efficiency of London transport than with defending the interests of the private manufacturers against the Board.

The arguments adduced before the Railway Wages Board this week possess an interest considerably wider than is usual in wage negotiations. The railway companies contend that the profits which they are making at present (it is important to remember that they are still making profits, and not losses) are inadequate to provide a reasonable return on the invested capital, even after all the steps which have already been taken to cut down wages and to reduce staffs. The reply of the railway unions is, in effect, that provision for a reasonable standard of wage-rates ought to take precedence over the payment of dividends, that the railways are too heavily burdened with fixed interest-bearing capital, which claims a disproportionate return in bad times, and finally that a large proportion of the nominal capital ought to have been written off gradually during the past century out of profits. In fact, the railway men are challenging the theory that, while locomotives and permanent way and stations wear out, the capital spent on providing them is immortal, and entitled to rank for dividend in perpetuity. There is to-day in the railways nominal capital that is a century old, on which dividends of many times the original capital have been paid. In most forms of business bankruptcy and the disappearance of businesses wipe off a good deal of the old capital ; but railway companies seldom die, and in their care capital claims last for ever.

* * *

The vexatious " more looms " question in Lancashire seems, at any rate, to have come nearer a solution than ever before. The joint committee which has been at work upon it with the aid of Mr. Leggatt, of the Ministry of Labour, has reached agreement, and this agreement has already been accepted by the employers' organisation. The Weavers' Amalgamation, which is meeting to consider it this week-end, may still raise difficulties. Among the weavers a strong section is hostile to working more looms on any terms, especially during the continuance of the slump. But the new agreement does at least deal with the problem of the " full-back " wage—that is, of the minimum to be guaranteed to operatives working under the new system. This should make it a good deal less unacceptable than previous proposals from the employers' side. Even if the settlement does go through, it would be foolish to expect a great deal from it. The working of more looms, on a limited range of cloths—to which alone the system can at present be applied—is not going to solve the problem of Lancashire's export trade, or do more than a little to narrow the gap between costs of production here and in the Far East.

* * *

The little squabble over *Izvestia* has been happily disposed of by the explanations of the Soviet Ambassador and the apology which he tendered on behalf of the Editor of the paper. Soviet apologies have not been easy to extract in the past, and no doubt the readiness with which they were given on this occasion was due to the negotiations now in progress for a new Anglo-Russian Trade agreement. The conclusion of this agreement, as we have often urged in these columns, may be of first-rate importance to both countries, and we are glad that the National Government has not been diverted from the line of common sense by the clamour of its Diehard supporters.

THE ART OF USURY

A LETTER FROM JOHN TO JONATHAN

DEAR COUSIN JONATHAN,—Our half of the family is watching your handling of this business of the debts with something more than the usual cousinly anxiety. It is some years now since you took over the old family business of money-lender to the universe. It is, as we have reason to know, a most exacting profession.

One cannot go on living in the old way when one adopts it. Either you must face the necessity of making some rather considerable changes in your domestic arrangements, or else you will, sooner or late, precipitate a smash in which the universe itself will be involved. And that is still true, even if the war-debts should be repudiated or cancelled. Investments also have this explosive property.

The English half of the family was the pioneer in this anxious but often remunerative business. We took it up gradually; developed it during the latter half of the nineteenth century; adapted ourselves slowly to our new profession, but emerged at the end of the period, on the eve of the war, changed characters, leading an unrecognisably different life. We had financed the building of a great proportion of the world's railways. We held Australia as our mortgaged estate: we had our factories, cables, plantations and mines up and down the globe. The revenue from these enterprises flowed punctually to our shores in a stream of interest which vastly exceeded our new lendings or investments in each year. An immense and growing proportion of the family income came from abroad. This fact was reflected in our trade statistics. Year by year, and decade by decade, the surplus of visible imports over exports grew. We had, as the permanent basis of our national economy, what is absurdly called an "adverse" balance of trade. This surplus of imports over exports represented in the main the interest on past loans. The tea and the coffee, the wines and the fruits, even the wheat and meat, were the tangible things with which the world paid its tribute to the usurer.

Creditors, if they are to live up to their definition, should be an idle class; their debtors should feed them. One could watch this happening. With an adaptability rarely surpassed in Nature, our race bred a caste whose specific function was to consume this surplus of imports. English society in these happy pre-war years must have included a larger and more highly specialised leisured class than any other in the world. Carefully refraining from any productive activity, they played at soldiers, ran estates rather for prestige than profit, hunted foxes, philandered and drew their dividends.

This dependence on interest from overseas governed fiscal policy. It must come in. It could come in only as goods. And since the debtors, whether in Australia or Argentina, were mainly farmers or stock-raisers, it must come in the shape of wheat and meat and wool. Free Trade was the policy of the sagacious usurer. The consequences to our farmers were not happy. The acreage under the plough steadily declined, and with it the number of families which got their living from the soil. Without planning or forethought, or much consciousness of what we did, we changed our way of life to fit ourselves for the profession of lending money. The system had its defects, but as an essay in national book-keeping it worked. Its foundation was the great principle that creditors must receive in imports a higher value than they export, while debtors must export more than they receive. It is not a pretty principle. It makes parasites. But international money-lending can operate on no other basis.

Have you, dear Jonathan, considered it? This may seem a rude question, but after all the future destiny of the whole family may turn on this issue. You must be weary of the European complaint that tariffs prevent us from paying our debts. Lower tariffs would be a help, but they would not solve the problem, unless they brought about a reversal of the balance of trade, and that may involve wide changes in your housekeeping.

I have sketched our English solution, which is an example to avoid. There may be another way of achieving the same balance. But the main point cannot be evaded. Up to the middle years of the war you were on the balance a debtor. You had the psychology and the economic structure appropriate to that condition. You aimed at a surplus of exports. You despised a parasitic leisured class. You idealised activity and the relentless expansion of production. But when, during the war and up to 1928, you turned creditor, and lavished your loans and investments on this planet, you made no change whatever in your habits or your fiscal policy. You neither took to fox-hunting, nor did you lie back in your chair and permit your debtors to feed you. That may be greatly to the credit of your morals, but it is not defensible as an economic policy.

So far from adapting yourself to your new situation as a creditor, you actually followed with greater vigour than before the policy appropriate to a debtor. You expanded your exports of manufactured goods, and you raised your tariffs. Thus at both ends you defeated the necessary adjustment. A surplus of imports became fantastically unattainable.

To cancel, or repudiate, or scale down war-debts would help, but would not solve the question. The bankers' credits, commercial debts and investments remain. It is hard to estimate them, but the net total of America's foreign investments may be reckoned at about eleven billion dollars. That should produce annual interest to the amount of, say, 400 million dollars, to take Dr. Moulton's estimate, a modest one when one recalls that Germany often borrowed in New York at 8 or 9 per cent. If we ignore both the war-debt and short-term loans, your balance of trade ought, then, to show a surplus of imports over exports of 400 million dollars, if the interest on these investments is to be received. In fact the excess of visible exports over visible imports was in the last normal year (1929) 741 million dollars on the wrong side. There are, of course, tourist spendings and other "invisible" imports of some importance to be considered, including one that your statisticians prudishly omit—alcohol.

Here, in these figures, is the conundrum which disturbs us. The morals of Europe may be deplorable and capable of vast amendment. You are right to point the finger of scorn at our armaments, our tariffs, our old-world lilliputian economic units. But they have nothing to do with this case. If we all turned pacifists

and teetotalers and Free Traders to-morrow, that would not help us to pay our debts against this fatal balance of trade. Nor is it much help to say, as European bankers do, that you ought to lend back the gold you have sucked up and buried in Wall Street. Perhaps you should. If one may trust the estimates of the Macmillan Committee, the debtor half of the world must borrow two billion dollars annually for its normal expansion. A great part of this capital can come only from your country. Presumably you would expect some interest on it. But how, with such a balance of trade, can that be received? It can only be re-invested, and that is what actually happened, for during the nine years (1922–1930) the interest on American foreign investments (6.7 billion dollars) tallied closely with the total of new foreign issues (7.1 billions).

It seems that you may, if you please, buy up this planet, but only on condition that you receive no income from your terrestrial estate. These investments must be as sterile as treasure in heaven.

Let us, then, look at the alternative. You re-plan your economic life, take up in earnest the profession of money-lender to the universe, and aim at a sufficient surplus of imports over exports. It could be done in our English way, one supposes. Captains of industry might take to fox-hunting. You might let the Middle West go back to prairie. This method is not to be commended.

The gap between exports and imports seems hopelessly wide, until one looks at the individual figures. Every inhabitant of the United States, man, woman and child, bought in the last fairly normal year (1929) goods to the value of $35.00 from abroad, while exports amounted to $42.00 per head of the population. Put in that way the gulf looks as if it might be bridged. Taking the "invisible" items into account, a further expenditure of only $3.27 per head on imported goods would permit the interest on foreign investments, at the level of 1929, to be received. Then must the average American buy less from his neighbours? Yes, unless income can be expanded. An expansion, however, of half of one per cent. would suffice, if your average income per head be in the neighbourhood of the usual reckoning—say $700.00. That could be easily managed under a planned economy, which adjusted income to output and controlled foreign buying. Russia could do it. But you and I, dear Jonathan, prefer to muddle through. Tariffs must be lowered. That done, what expansion of total income would be necessary before this small extra sum would go by chance to the purchase of foreign goods? And again, would not the expansion of income lead to some further expansion of exports, and so upset the balance? The problem is mainly one of wages. Consumption and saving, including the consumption of imports and saving for foreign investment, must observe a due proportion. Less, relatively, than in the past must go to profits and saving, and more to wages and consumption. Nature, in the Old World, does not appear to make that kind of adjustment without conscious and intelligent effort. I doubt whether she does it in the New. It would have many advantages over our English solution, but it is foreign to the system on which either half of our family has hitherto managed its affairs. You of the younger branch have never lacked daring. Tell me, when next you write, have you laid your plans for this change?

Your affectionate Cousin,

JOHN.

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SCHLEICHER: THE UP-TO-DATE GENERAL

BERLIN: *December 13th.*

GERMANY to-day is the journalists' paradise; there is nearly always a political crisis, and things are seldom what they seem. For Schleicher, who six months ago was decried as the betrayer of Brüning and the evil genius of Papen—the very embodiment of black reaction—turns out to be a man whose conciliatory powers justify his appointment as Chancellor; he is probably the least hated man in faction-ridden Germany to-day. The most important thing about Kurt von Schleicher is, moreover, something which not one of his enemies can deny. They may mock at him as "so up-to-date," they may suspect his "damned charm," they may belittle his quick intellectual grasp as merely facile, they may deny his ability to handle a terrible economic situation, but all agree that he is a realist. While Papen was astonishingly insensitive to post-war circumstances and public opinion, Schleicher perceives things as they are. He knows that the post-war German State rests upon the balance of two forces, the one organised Labour which defeated the Kapp Putsch by a general strike, the other the present Reichswehr, which saved the Republic from its Communist enemies. If the president of the German T.U.C. and the head of the Reichswehr can effectively work together, the existing social structure is fairly secure. Papen brought the Unions and the Army into almost open conflict, for the possibility of his reappointment after Hitler's refusal on November 25th aroused the threat of a general strike. So ministers like Bracht and Krosigk forced the issue, and Hindenburg reluctantly accepted Schleicher as Chancellor. It might have been thought that to choose the head of the Army was to accept the Trade Union challenge; on the contrary, Schleicher immediately made advances to the Trade Union leader, Leipart. The Hugenberg hope to ride rough-shod over Labour died with the elimination of Papen.

Schleicher is probably the most representative public figure in Germany. He is certainly a soldier, an authoritarian, and a nationalist, but even the Left is not to-day fundamentally opposed to such notions. His aim is to construct what has been labelled "Die Dritte Front," a working coalition from Trade Unions on the Left to Nazis on the Right. The Centre party, always important strategically, while it abhorred Papen, has welcomed Schleicher to office. The Nazis present a far greater difficulty. Recent elections, both parliamentary and municipal, have brought the party serious losses. Yet if the movement is reduced in quantity, it may have been purged in quality, now that its young men must rattle money-boxes at all the street corners, instead of thriving upon the subsidies which once flowed in from the Ruhr industrialists. Whatever one's political taste, it is clear that this movement cannot yet be neglected, that it is infinitely tiresome in opposition, but would probably be helpless in office. Of all Papen's colleagues, Schleicher is the one who has always remained on good terms with the Nazis, and the most capable and sensible of Hitler's lieutenants, Gregor Strasser and Frick, have shown their desire to work with him. But the intransigent Goebbels, editor of the scurrilous *Angriff*, appears to have defeated them. Strasser has just resigned all his party offices saying that he can, as a German, no longer co-operate in Hitler's recent "Katastrophenpolitik"; Frick has surrendered to Goebbels, and the rest of the party

has renewed its oath of allegiance to Hitler. Since Hitler and Goebbels prefer agitation to administration, they are denouncing the tyranny of Schleicher as warmly as that of Papen or Brüning. This, so far, is Schleicher's only failure.

It would indeed be rash to predict what the new Chancellor will announce when he broadcasts his programme on December 15th. Yet his intentions seem fairly clear—briefly, to avoid all unnecessary conflict or bitterness, and to concentrate upon finding work for the people. A new post has therefore been created and Dr. Gereke has become minister for "Arbeitsbeschaffung" (stimulation of employment). Hugo Schäffer, who was associated with a Krupp tradition, has been succeeded, at the Ministry of Labour, by Dr. Syrup; this in itself implies the abandonment of the hated Papen plan, and the acceptance of the demand that the money destined by Papen for employers who took on more hands at lower wages shall be spent on public works.

Dr. Syrup, incidentally, has been organising "labour service" since July. The identification of Chancellor and acting Premier of Prussia is temporarily to continue in Schleicher's person, and a more permanent arrangement has been again—in the interest of peace and quiet—postponed. It has been made very clear that the present relation between Reich and Prussia is not to be disturbed, but the General has had a friendly interview with Otto Braun, the Socialist who is still titular Premier of Prussia. All talk of constitutional reform is to be given up for the time; the Southern States need not fear the destruction of their cherished defences against Northern rudeness. It is important that Baron von Gayl, the most complete Prussian aristocrat in the Papen Cabinet, who was detested on the Left as an admitted monarchist and the enemy of democracy, has been dropped. Schleicher's appointment means in itself that the disastrous quota policy is abandoned, and Baron von Braun has remained Minister of Agriculture only on this condition.

The reactionary press is already scolding the Chancellor because parliamentary government seemed again to function last week with the Cabinet's acquiescence. The *Kreuz Zeitung*, organ of the monarchist Stahlhelm, expresses its bitter disappointment that Schleicher appears to have abandoned authoritarian government in favour of a return to Brüning's methods. There were a few rowdy incidents in the Reichstag, it is true, but a number of significant measures were approved. That part of the Papen programme which arranged for the depression of wages was condemned. A pretty generous amnesty for political prisoners was approved. It was agreed that if the President dies or becomes incapable, his authority, pending an election, shall be exercised not by the Chancellor but by the head of the Supreme Court of Justice in the Reich.

Some think the General's appointment was provocative abroad. The idea is automatically distasteful in England, but the French are inclined to prefer Schleicher to come out into the open; it may actually be easier for a soldier not to play to his own gallery, though the East Prussian declaration in September was disgusting. The acceptance at Geneva of Germany's claim to equality gives Schleicher a fortunate début. In the future much will depend upon what form the equality is to take, for if it brought rearmament and a return to any form of conscription, the balance between Reichswehr and Trade Unions would be destroyed. For the Army would cease to be carefully selected, easily controlled, and potentially anti-popular—it would, on the contrary, like the old Imperial Army, be something like the Trade Unions in arms.

It seems clear, then, that Schleicher must be cautiously welcomed by all but those who wish to provoke violent revolution in Germany. For a great man the opportunity would be tremendous, but he does not seem to be constructed upon an heroic scale. His economic grasp is probably superficial, and it is possible that he tries to be "in" with too many people. The success of his advances to Labour is still obscure, since Labour is itself so divided. The Trade Unions and the Reichsbanner do not seem unfriendly; the Socialist politicians at first proclaimed their hostility, but one has the impression that proceedings in the Reichstag did something to soothe their susceptibilities. The allegiance of the rank and file is in any case extremely uncertain, and the leaders fear a continuing secession to the implacable Communist party now thriving upon Papen's persecution. When all is said and done, it remains true that Schleicher's appointment is really democratic; he well represents the German nation in its present mood, and he is prepared to give the Reichstag a chance because it is more practical not to quarrel with it. There is a feeling now that Weimar is not ended and can be mended. After the last General Election one began to see that the only alternative to more violent dictatorship was a step in the constitutional direction.

If Schleicher succeeds the military strength of a Germany no longer divided against itself (and in which military and social organisation are as perfectly identified, within the modern industrial framework, as Schleicher contemplates), may indeed be alarming to Germany's most anxious neighbours. But those who know Schleicher best consider him far too cautious to contemplate military adventures. If he only succeeds in employing and feeding an increasing number of people the internal future of Germany will be extraordinarily interesting. The General has accepted his dependence upon organised Labour at a time when poverty and politics appear to have sapped the strength of its organisation. With food and work the strength of the Labour movement must grow greater again. Will the workers of the coming generation remain Socialists and lead the up-to-date Generals, or will they desert to Communism and destroy them?

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

A LONDON DIARY

PRESS reports had suggested to me that there was really an alarming increase in "motor banditry," so I was comforted to learn from a recent A.A. announcement that some of the bandit stories have been proved by the police to be fictitious, and that not a single case of motor banditry has been reported by any of the half million members of the A.A. or by their innumerable patrols, all of whom have had orders to exercise special vigilance. This seemed to me so remarkable that I began to wonder about the basis for the recent observations made on the bench and in the press about the growth of "crimes of violence." I consulted the official volumes of Criminal Statistics, where I find to my surprise that those offences which most of us would regard as "crimes of violence" are actually less frequent than they were before the war. The last published statistics are for 1930, when I find that we had in England and Wales fewer murders, fewer attempted murders, fewer cases of felonious woundings, and fewer cases of rape than the average for 1900–1909. But these offences are called by the authorities "crimes against the person," and what they call violent crimes are crimes against property, such as housebreaking, shopbreaking and robbery with violence. Housebreaking and shopbreaking have indeed doubled since the war: no doubt the principal cause is the privation and demoralisation caused by prolonged unemployment. And even so it is interesting to find that cases of robbery with violence were fewer in 1930 than before the war. It seems a pity that the authorities should use classifications which are liable to cause such misunderstanding, for I assume that most people will have thought from recent statements, as I did, that "violent crime" meant crimes against people and not crimes against property where in many cases the "violence" only amounts to forcing a door or breaking a window. It is really important

that this misconception should be cleared up before it leads to the adoption of barbarous punishments in a desperate effort to stamp out what is apparently for the most part an imaginary danger.

* * *

After the altercation in the House of Commons between Sir Robert Horne and Mr. Lloyd George, we may expect a further batch of revelations about the debt discussion in the Lloyd George Cabinet. I can contribute a few not generally known points to the record. Some years ago I heard a member of the Harding Administration give a detailed version of the events which occurred at the close of Mr. Baldwin's visit to Washington. The discussions had gone on until the last available day without result. Mr. Baldwin was to leave for New York within a few hours. A final conference was held in the home of Mr. Mellon on the Sunday evening. Mr. Mellon announced that a decision must be reached before they separated. Mr. Baldwin could not go home without it, and his sailing could not be deferred. The agreement was written on a single sheet, and each member of the group was asked by Mr. Mellon to affirm, as he initialled the paper, that the wording expressed precisely what he understood to be the terms of the settlement.

* * *

I was delighted with A. C. Benson's devastating article on Watts-Dunton in the new issue of *Life and Letters*. It is A. C. Benson at his best, that is, in his conversational and not in his sugary mood. For no man was ever more oddly divided. He very seldom wrote as he talked. Every day he poured out, as if by compulsion, a couple of thousand words or more of gentle, well-written, often sickly, sermonising, and his innumerable books went into many editions and brought him an endless correspondence, mostly from women in all parts of the world, but principally, I think, from the United States. He replied with extreme conscientiousness, and I have no doubt that he did a great deal of good. Among his friends he was usually reticent about all this side of his life. He knew they thought poorly of his books and he did not court criticism. He once told me that he had not read Max Beerbohm's savage satire of him in the *Christmas Garland*. He began it and put it aside. "If that is how my writing really seems to any one," he said, "I can't help it, and there is no point in making myself miserable by reading it." The other side came out in his conversation, which was always charming and amusing and frequently as witty and caustic as this Watts-Dunton article. He enjoyed saying pointed things about people. I remember one evening at Cambridge when a famous Don, who is excessively prim, had left after dinner. Benson said: "Really, it is impossible to believe that that man is not the descendant of a long line of maiden aunts!"

* * *

Last Monday the *Daily Telegraph* published an interesting Public Schools Supplement. The excellent illustrations showed a most amusing variety in sartorial customs. The Christ's Hospital boys may well find that the inconvenience of their Bluecoat attire is outweighed by its dignified antiquity. But the Reptonian must have a very highly developed historic sense if he can discover period charm in that most inconvenient Victorian invention, the straw hat. Mill Hill, Oundle, Clifton and Stowe seem to have adopted the sensible clothes now worn by adults, but the dark coats which are still obligatory at various of the other schools give the boys that bounderish look always produced by town clothes worn in the country. At Shrewsbury the younger boys still wear the ugly, uncomfortable nineteenth-century Eton collar. It is here also that a diverting tradition survives by which public announcements to the boys are concluded with the words "God Save the King, and down with the Radicals." But the most entertaining sentence in this excellent supplement was contained in the article on Sherborne. "The Old Shirburnian (a pitfall for the unwary speller this) is easily recognisable anywhere by his complete absence of self-consciousness, his modesty, his genuine friendliness, and his capacity to put up a fine show in a tight corner without fuss." The next time I meet a Shirburnian, I shall spot him immediately.

* * *

I take the following from a letter, headed "The Younger Generation's View," printed in the *Aeroplane*, December 7th.

> The nations that do 90 per cent. of the good in the world ought to have the right to say what's what . . . why should a real Power have to stand cheek from piffling organisations of about ten men and a boy? You probably saw in the *Times* last week that some funny little man in Koweit or Qutar, or somewhere, would not allow Imperial Airways to land in his territory although the R.A.F. use a landing-ground there. . . . It is pretty rotten when the British *Imperial* Airways have to knuckle under to a man who probably changes his shirt once a year . . .
>
> The right way to approach these people is not to say "May we fly over land in your territory?" The way is, "We are going to run an air-line over your country. Any objections?" Naturally there is no need to be unkind or rude to the lesser peoples. Merely ask them politely for something or other that won't do them any harm, but let them know if they say us nay we shall have it all the same.

* * *

From an announcement of a new film:

> The variety of scene, the expert editing with its changing tempo and neat dissolves and the straightforward dialogue sustain interest at a high level and work up to a climax which, for mounting horror and lurid detail will startle the most phlegmatic patron. And through all this horror and mystery, sentimental strains of music, emotional moments of love and despair and cheery humour weave a pattern of brightness that intensifies the essential morbidity of the theme.

* * *

From an account of the Churchill wedding in a daily paper.

> All the stars of all the political and social firmaments were inside . . . The bride was a maiden's dream in shining white satin with seed pearl embroidery, and her six bridesmaids made a perfect epitome of young England. It was a charming ceremony . . . Mention should, of course, be made of the bridegroom, Mr. John Milner Bailey, son of Sir Abe Bailey, who bore himself manfully throughout.

* * *

> Marriage, of course, is one way out of the limelight. The Beaton sisters, too, have done yeoman service. Both are shortly to be married. Both, I have no doubt, will now settle down, keep house, and breed like the nice, normal English girls that they fundamentally are.—Daily paper.

* * *

> *It was perfectly evident that the poor girl was very far from being normal, said the coroner. She was moral rather than immoral.*—From a newspaper report of a recent inquest.

CRITIC.

PUZZLES

WHEN man first appeared on earth, he found himself confronted by a number of puzzles that had no answers. He distracted his mind from these by inventing all kinds of puzzles, the answers to which could be discovered by a moderate use of the intelligence. He might not be able to solve the riddle of the purpose of life, but at least he could tell when a door is not a door. In this way he saved himself from humiliation. Instead of going through life as a stupid person who could not even explain why he and his kind came into existence, he became a clever man who could solve anagrams, metagrams, acrostics, riddle-me-rees, and a hundred things of awe-inspiring difficulty. For thousands of years he has continued to tease and flatter his mind with these minor difficulties, till to-day there is scarcely a home in the literate parts of the world in which some grey head or golden head is not bent over a daily or weekly paper, working out some mathematical problem or crossword puzzle. All this represents man's flight from metaphysics.

It is true that the human race did discover answers even to the riddle of existence, and that one part of mankind did not hesitate to put to death others who refused to accept the answers. Every answer, however, merely gave birth

to new mysteries—the problem of the existence of pain in a benevolently ordered universe, the problem of the existence of free-will in a world the events in which had been foreseen from the beginning. These difficulties once more drove the human mind back upon the playful kind of puzzles, till the very Christmas crackers were stuffed with conundrums as remote as possible from the problems that trouble the depths of our being.

It may be that the puzzle was invented, not in a mood of despair, but in a mood of optimism. Possibly our cunning ancestors said to themselves: "We must walk before we can run. Let us begin with some simple problem, such as Caliban provides. In time we shall have trained our minds in the art of solving, and ultimately we may even be able to discover the answers to riddles that stumped the Angelic Doctor." I can scarcely believe that puzzles would ever have achieved such an extraordinarily important position in human life if it had not been generally believed that they served some great educational end. There are fairy-tales that tell us how a king's daughter was to be won only by a suitor who guessed the right answer to a riddle, the punishment for guessing wrong being death. Could there be more conclusive evidence of the seriousness with which puzzles have been taken in the past? Salvation, men have always believed, depended on the solution of a puzzle. That is what the story of the Sphinx means, and all the great religions teach the same thing.

Even if puzzles originated in this way, however, I doubt whether the ordinary man to-day consciously sits down to work out a puzzle for the purpose either of escaping from metaphysics or of training himself for philosophical Everests. It is more likely that he has no object in his mind but to indulge in his natural passion for work. Sir James Barrie has been saying during the week that hard work is the best of all possible companions for mortal man, and it is certainly only an exceptional human being who can find happiness apart from work. No body of men looks happier than the sailors in the Navy, and the reason is said to be that they are constantly given something to do. If the sailors were left to lounge about the deck for the greater part of the day smoking cigars and gossiping about the sins of society they would become so discontented that they would mutiny. Everybody knows that it is the idler, not the industrious man, who is always grousing. Even Stevenson, who preached a gospel of idleness, kept himself cheerful only by incessant toil. Turn to the idle rich again and you will find that all the happiest of them are busy-bodies, meddling in politics, in military and civic affairs, breeding horses, opening bazaars, writing books. The miseries of idleness are so intolerable to the ordinary human being that I hold it would be a good thing, instead of sending criminals to gaol, to sentence them to have £10,000 a year and nothing to do.

Unfortunately, however, in civilised countries very few people have nearly enough to do. Apart from a sweated minority, most of us are sentenced to long hours of idleness. We have now arrived at the age of leisure, the short working day, the weekly half-holiday, and the free Sunday, and our brains and bodies ache for occupation as men's brains and bodies have never ached for it before. Hence the increase of sport, in which young men break all the Trade Union rules in the ardour of their industry. Hence the craze for amateur gardening, leading honest burgesses to toil among their flower-beds as no Greek slave ever toiled. Hence the passion in intellectual circles for problems and puzzles. It is as though the human race cried out with one voice: "If you won't pay us to work we will work for nothing." There was never a more fantastic notion than the nineteenth-century notion that, if the motive of money-making were removed from industry, men would sink into lethargy. The growth of the crossword-puzzle habit is alone enough to disprove this. Who ever found that the possession of £5,000 a year had sapped his energy when he was faced by a crossword-puzzle? I have never yet heard a rich man making any complaint about an individual crossword-puzzle except that it was not hard enough.

The appearance of Caliban's *Week-end Problems Book* (Nonesuch Press, 5s.), beautifully produced both by the publisher and by the author (who is now announced to be Mr. Hubert Phillips), is yet another proof that men grow more passionately fond of work as civilisation advances. Here is a book which, if it had been used in the mathematical class at school would have seemed to me to demand infinitely greater brainwork than Euclid. If I had seen one of these problems set in an examination paper I should have gone pale. Yet what once seemed a deadly grind to a schoolboy is now a lively amusement for the grown man. Never, surely, did a puzzle-maker invent a greater variety of ingenious escapes from idleness than Caliban. He gives us card problems and chess problems as well as crosswords and those most difficult of all problems known simply as "Problems." For the less intelligent, such as myself, he is humane enough also to provide solutions. Here, undoubtedly, if you want to work like a demon during your week-ends, is your book.

And what an appeal to our vanity the book makes! There is nothing that gives one greater pleasure than to feel clever, and the solution of puzzles puts us into a mood of fatuous cleverness. I am myself not clever enough to solve any puzzles except crosswords; but how exultant is my joy, my sense of my own genius, when I have discovered the ultimate clue in a crossword! I do my utmost not to begin the thing because I know that if I do my vanity will not let me rest till I have finished it. Work that is paid for I leave undone till I have made sure of the name of an Australian bird in twenty letters or found the meaning of "What naughty fish did this?" A prey to industry and vanity, I lay waste my powers on downs and acrosses when I might have been reading Plato. Plato or Playtime—which is the more difficult, which is the more attractive? Plato is certainly charming, but I do not think he gives us the same sense of making use of the energies of the whole man as we get from solving a crossword. Y. Y.

SMALL MERCIES AND LONG VIEWS

Dean Inge is reported as taking no gloomy view of the progress of the human race during the next 1000 *years.*

As fits an optimist avowed,
I find, when life is most depressing,
Some silver lining to the cloud;
For every ill, I count a blessing.
Though Simon may be held to heel
By big Japan (and I deplore it),
Per contra, I am proud to feel
That little Persia's really for it.

And when we take the longer view,
That looks to "forces set in motion"
And not to mere results, how true
Appears the Dean's consoling notion.
For though Disarmament proceed
So slowly that men seem to flout it,
At least the nations have agreed
To meet once more and talk about it.

The thought of millions out of work
Might mar, perhaps, my calm enjoyment,
But Ramsay's promised not to shirk
The task of curing unemployment;
And though the Debts we cannot pay
Still shackle us with golden fetters,
There's quite a chance the U.S.A.
May—chat things over with their debtors.

We may, no doubt, be bombed or broke
Before we find the path of sanity,
Yet lots of influential folk
Have paper schemes to save humanity.
A thousand years, as Inge has said,
May civilise the world, and free it;
What matters it that, being dead,
We shan't ourselves be there to see it?

MACFLECKNOE.

THE EAST END

MEMBERS of the cultivated classes are accustomed to measure the condition of working people—when they bother their heads about it at all—by a standard very different from that which they apply to their own. The people of the East End are no longer prepared to discuss their problems on this basis. It is the culture and the luxuries of civilisation, of their right to a share in which they are becoming increasingly conscious. Moreover, they have had a brief taste of a somewhat fuller life, and it is in relation to that that they measure their present state. Whilst, therefore, there is to-day much less crude poverty of the "fodder" sort than existed at the beginning of the century, I believe that there has never—certainly not within my experience—been so much misery as there is in East London at the present time. This distinction between misery and crude poverty is well brought out in the third volume of *The New Survey of London Life and Labour*,* which has just been published. No one should venture to form, still less to offer, an opinion on the social conditions that prevail among our working population until he has read this informing, impartial, understanding and altogether admirable work. It is impossible too highly to praise, or too gratefully to thank, Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith and the collaborators whose aid he has obtained in its preparation. The Director of the Survey refers more than once to the tragedy introduced into many lives by the growth of what he calls the dynamical element in poverty. "The lives of the poor who have always been poor are," he says, "hard, narrow, and often stunted, but they are not necessarily unhappy, for poverty so extreme as to cause actual physical distress is rare. On the other hand, there is little doubt that the process of economic degradation by which those who have known better things sink into poverty and suffer deprivation of comforts which they have hitherto regarded as necessaries is often an acutely painful one." Every day, I come across middle-aged men, healthy and competent, driven almost crazy by a persistent unemployment of which they have had no previous experience; a state which they had been taught, and had believed, to be the fruit of sickness, incompetence, idleness or dishonesty. It is poor compensation to such men to learn that "the average London workman can now buy one-third more of the means of subsistence than he could forty years ago, in return for daily labour of an hour's less duration."

A few years ago, East End poverty, so far as the bare necessities of life are concerned, had—apart from housing—almost disappeared. A new life for the people seemed progressively materialising. This was reflected in the movements and faces of adult men and women as well as of the young. One could not walk the length of a street without noticing the general aspect of hopefulness and cheerfulness. The latter was no novelty in the East End. Even in its days of severest poverty, a spirit of philosophic gaiety and an almost humorous acceptance of Fate's hardest blows were generally manifest. Always, the general misery bore little quantitative relation to the general poverty. What had been, was; what was, must needs be; what couldn't be cured, must be philosophically endured. All very English—or perhaps it would be truer to say, all very Cockney. Then came the war, quickly destroying the established feeling of continuity, of social immobility. Class and cultural distinctions were no longer accepted as having inherent validity. The comforts and pleasures hitherto confined to a rich and remote minority seemed to be coming—actually as well as rightfully—within the possible reach of all. The crumbs from the table grew larger and larger. A new pride of personal appearance, of dress, of carriage, of cleanliness, of language, and of familiarity with current topics—even those of science and philosophy—sprang up.

Soon followed the debacle. A very few years have sufficed, so far as external manifestations go, to undo all the beneficent work of the first post-war decade. I have lived and worked in one of the poorest districts of East London for more than a quarter of a century. When I first went to live in Stepney, the material conditions in which the bulk of the people lived were far below anything to be found to-day. My work was carried on in circumstances to most of my readers unthinkable. Among other things, I attended every year well over five hundred women in what has been called the most sacred event in human life. Compared with the circumstances surrounding a large proportion of these births, the manger at Bethlehem might be characterised as the last thing in aseptic luxury. The obstetric mattress, un-isolated by sheet or blanket, not infrequently had served many purposes beyond its normal through several generations of men, women and ill-trained children. The request for a basin of water, a piece of soap and a towel, was a signal for the scattering far and wide of every member of the household. Nevertheless, in spite of all this Listerian blasphemy, "mother and child" could nearly always be reported as doing famously; for then, as always, the maternal mortality rate in the slums was about one-half that which obtained in such relatively salubrious and hygienic districts as Hampstead and Kensington. Life started like that; and so it continued. Yet light-heartedness was everywhere. To-day, as by-products of the war, new standards of cleanliness, of wholesomeness and of decency prevail; but the light-heartedness is less noticeable, and everywhere one sees the marks of anxiety, of disappointment, of fading hope, fading enthusiasm and fading confidence.

Mr. Thomas Burke has lately written a book, called *The Real East End*,† which, though full of information not to be found in any other single volume, is, for me, difficult to read with patience. It has that "intimate," patronisingly knowing quality which marks the writings of many of our bird-watching naturalists. The reader's attention is constantly called to the keen, sensitive, aesthetically subtle eyes and mind of the writer, rather than to the things he observes. Although Mr. Burke expresses his contempt for those readers of his fiction who mistake his "local colour" for objective fact, his present book is permeated with a melodramaticism even more likely to deceive, by reason of its lesser crudity. He tells us that the East End "has the genuine spirit of Bohemia. It proves what artists have not yet learned—that one can lead the Bohemian life in strict decency. It is the East End's natural way of living." My impressions do not coincide with Mr. Burke's—or is it that my conception of the Bohemian life differs from his? In the uncoloured language of *The New Survey*, I read that, even in 1929, "one in seven of those who live in East London were found to be subject to conditions which if long continued would deny them all but the barest necessities." In the same factful volume, we are told that "one-fifth of the total working-class inhabitants of Shoreditch are living three or more in a room"—scarcely the most attractive aspect of the Bohemian life. Even last year, in spite of the relief afforded by Becontree and Dagenham, and the various blocks of flats erected by the Borough Council, and in spite of the diminished birth-rate, one-thirteenth of all the inhabitants of Stepney

* *The New Survey of London Life and Labour. Vol. III. Conditions in the Eastern Area.* King. 17s. 6d.

† *The Real East End.* By THOMAS BURKE. Lithographs by PEARL BINDER. Constable. 8s. 6d.

—the borough which Mr. Burke describes so picturesquely—were living four or more persons to a room; whilst sixty per cent. of all the children under fourteen years of age were living in conditions of technical "overcrowding." It seems to me a poor sort of Bohemia that involves the enforced usage of a common chamber for the three sacraments of supper, death and birth—not infrequently partaken of coincidently. *The Real East End* may serve as a useful corrective to the preconceptions of the small surviving number of people who assume the East End to be compact of moral, æsthetic and intellectual decadence; but the impartial reader, not already familiar with its subject, will be wise to regard it as a record of the impressions of a sympathetic artist with a turn for the flamboyant. The last page of the book, however, is so wise and true that I hesitate to dwell too critically on the pages that irritate me. It may well be, as Mr. Burke says, that in the East End, "not in Bloomsbury or Mayfair or Hampstead, the true moderns are being born."

HARRY ROBERTS.

Correspondence

AMERICA AND THE WAR DEBTS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—National tempers are likely to be strained on both sides of the Atlantic before the debts question is settled, and since damage there must be, it had better be limited as much as possible. One source of irritation has begun to flow again, in the shape of appeals or remonstrances directed to the American people to remind them of what the Allies did for them in the long months before they were ready to take their part in the war they had joined—or even to reproach them for not joining sooner. Many Americans see this point, but all of them have been converted on the debts question and no American who did not see this point in the last ten years is in the least likely to see it now. Such pleas will do no good, and may do much harm. All arguments of a sentimental or practical kind should have a present reference, and ignore what we did to save America and the world from the Hohenzollerns. Few people in England realise how widespread is the American conviction that they were deceived at some stage of the process that made them belligerents—and creditors. To millions, the error was in entering the war at all. The rural American, whose enthusiasm for that entry was always exaggerated here, has more or less completely recovered from it now. He thinks he was done, sold by leaders, political, financial, academic, who, in good or bad faith, told him that he had to fight to save democracy and the United States from the Huns. He thinks that the first was not saved and the second was not in danger, and he remembers that the classes in the East, which are now pleading with him to take a broad world view, are the same which carried on a two years' campaign to get the United States into the war. Everything that reminds him of those years, of the propaganda missions, of the massed batteries of leaders of public opinion which played on him, of the bold handling of truth in which the Allies were so much more successful than the equally willing but less artistic Germans, should be avoided. At the most, he is willing to believe that the Germans were no better than their enemies; he will not believe that the United States had the same interests in the war as France and England had, or that she did not do quite enough to save Europe from the results of her own follies. In short, we must admit that we were done as well as the Americans, cease to regard ourselves as vicarious defenders of the United States from 1914 to 1918, and avoid all arguments which look as if they would win the approval of *Punch* or of a Pilgrims' dinner.

D. W. BROGAN.

18 Raleigh House,
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DEBTS AND DIPLOMACY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is this a fair summary of our recent Notes to America? There were obvious objections both to the payment of the instalment due and to repudiation. According to the well-established traditions of modern diplomacy it was the duty of our statesmen to discover a "formula" by which we should neither pay nor repudiate. Instead of this they have found one by which we *both* pay *and* repudiate. I feel that the moral has something to do with the necessity of tact for success at the Bar.

14 Warwick Avenue, W.2. T. H. MARSHALL.

THE UNITY MOVEMENT IN INDIA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Unfortunately, the news in the British press in connection with the recent communal agreement has been either meagre, wrong or suppressed. It is therefore very welcome to read in your esteemed columns the letter of Mr. C. F. Andrews regarding the agreement arrived at by the most representative committees, elected by an all-parties Muslim conference held at Lucknow, and similar conferences of Hindus and Sikhs, held at Delhi and Amritsar respectively.

The agreement undoubtedly embodies not only the unanimous decisions of the Allahabad conference regarding the thorniest problem in India, but, I have no doubt, reflects the considered view of an overwhelming majority of the Hindu, Muslim and Sikh communities, individually and collectively. This opinion has been arrived at by carefully reading the individual communications received from leaders of the different communities, as well as from press reports published in the vernacular papers and those English journals edited by Indians.

The outline of the plan as revealed from these sources is that they are going to call a plenary session of the communal organisations concerned, to ratify the agreement provisionally arrived at, at Allahabad. During the interval they have been holding meetings of the provincial, district, and other branches of the different communal organisations, explaining the agreement and getting their consent and approval thereof registered. Thus, a countryside propaganda in favour of the agreement is being conducted, so that when it is finally ratified at the plenary session to be held this week-end at Allahabad, it may truly be said to be an agreed solution of the communal question arrived at by the communities concerned throughout the country.

It is also on the *tapis* that after having got this sanction an influential deputation should be sent to England to wait on the Prime Minister, requesting him to accept the agreement in substitution of his own award, according to the terms of the award itself.

I would therefore request the British public, the British press and the British parties, not to be led into the grave error of belittling or ignoring this communal agreement. It is undoubtedly the most outstanding, constructive achievement in furtherance of India's advance to a position necessary for working out any future constitution, establishing complete responsible self-government on democratic lines.

M. A. ANSARI.

[Dr. Ansari is the leader of the nationalist Muslims.

—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SCOTTISH HOME RULE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I observe you are giving some attention to the above question in your correspondence and editorial columns as well as in an article "The Case for Scottish Home Rule," published in your issue of 10th inst. This article, with its qualified approval of a Scottish Parliament and its failure to refer to the extremely strong feeling in Scotland against any breaking of the Parliamentary Union, together with the letter from Sir Daniel Stevenson in your issue of December 3rd, if not controverted, might give your readers a wrong impression of the position. It would be a pity if English public opinion were to imagine that there is any really substantial demand in Scotland for Home Rule.

In your issue of November 19th you referred to the recently formed Movement combating the agitation for the setting up of a Scottish National Parliament, and Sir Daniel is surely quite mistaken in suggesting that "most of the signatories of its Manifesto have had little experience of local government work." In actual fact, the signatories to the Statement condemning proposals for the setting up of a Scottish National Parliament include four ex-Lord Provosts of Glasgow (Sir Daniel himself is the only exception) as well as ex-Lord Provosts and Provosts of Edinburgh, Dundee and other leading towns in Scotland, and

many of the most representative people in Industry, Commerce, Agriculture, the professions and public life generally in Scotland. There is nothing at all comparable with this body of opinion in any of the relatively weakly supported bodies advocating Scottish Home Rule, and it would be a mistake to assume that Scottish Liberal opinion is necessarily favourable to it. Many well-known and active Scottish Liberals are parties to the movement opposing the creation of a Scottish Parliament.

It is constantly being asserted by Home Rulers that the amalgamation of the English and Scottish railways was "forced upon Scotland with disastrous results." This is quite incorrect. The truth is that almost every important public and trading body in Scotland insisted on the longitudinal grouping of the railways, and it was in response to Scottish pressure that Sir Eric Geddes agreed to modify his original proposal.

The agitation for Scottish Home Rule has no substantial backing in Scotland itself. There is no proposal, however moderate its origin, which does not involve the setting up of a Scottish National Parliament with full powers of taxation, industrial legislation, social legislation, and so on. Even if the half-and-half Home Rulers could confine the powers of a Parliament within the limits they desire to set—which is an untenable proposition—these powers alone would create interference which would be prejudicial to Scottish trade and interests, which are inextricably interwoven with those of the United Kingdom. With a separate Parliament functioning in Scotland it would inevitably occur from time to time that its Government would be of a different political colour from that of the Parliament in Westminster. In such circumstances it is not a possibility, but a certainty, that interferences fraught with grave consequences to Scotland would arise, affecting the conduct of industry as of many other things.

Your footnote to Mr. McCurdy's letter shows you are not averse to decentralisation or to the remedying of a number of grievances; neither is the Movement which opposes the setting up of a Scottish National Parliament. But such reforms as can be shown to be truly desirable in the administration of Scottish affairs can readily be accomplished within the scope of the present constitution without the setting up of a Parliament in Scotland with all the potential and certain dangers accompanying it. Here is the avenue for those desirous of helping Scotland to explore.

The Home Rule debate in the House of Commons, by its practically unanimous insistence upon the maintenance of the Parliamentary Union, by its assertion of Scotland's right to continue to be an integral part of the mother nation and not a Dominion, recognised that the national unit is Great Britain, and it is satisfactory to note that Parliament will base its legislative proposals on that premise.

CECIL M. WEIR.

Glasgow.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your Scottish correspondent writing on this subject says: "The whole of the Scottish press has come out in favour of the present movement." I cannot speak for other newspapers, but the press in this city (Dundee) has very much opposed it. We are all in favour of some improvement in the procedure and curtailing of expense in connection with Scottish Bills and legislation, but for the luxury of a separate Parliament there is practically no demand by the Scottish people.

A. L.

Dundee.

THE NEW REVIVALISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Miss Gwyer's letter in your issue of December 3rd appears to merit more respectful attention than the article to which it refers. This is, in the main, serious and honest criticism which goes to the root of the matter. I should be glad to have the privilege of answering her objections to the Group Movement from the Group point of view.

The gravamen of her criticism may be summarised as follows:—

(1) "Guidance" is a "collective superstition."

(2) "Guidance" destroys the sense of personal responsibility and is therefore perilous to formation of "character."

(3) The lack of open organisation in the Group Movement involves the dangers incident to a secret society.

(4) The Group is unduly extravagant and wasteful of money.

I will take these points in sequence.

The first criticism is fundamental; on its faith in the guidance of God, both in great things and in small, the Group stands or falls. This is no place to discuss the theological basis of that belief; it must suffice to point out that it is no new belief, and that, bereft of it, not only the Group Movement, but the greater part of Old Testament history, the life of Christ, the acts of the apostles, the careers of such as St. Francis of Assisi, Luther, St. Joan or General Gordon seem ultimately unintelligible, and that, to be consistent, Miss Gwyer must include the greater part of the Bible and of Christian history in her category of "collective superstition." It is for want of that unmodernised faith, so the Group believes, that Christianity subsides into the impotent religiosity with which the world is all too familiar. The Movement claims to have revived a very old and essential faith, for lack of which religion is to-day emasculated, not to have promulgated any new doctrine. The task of its critics would seem to be to prove the lack of that continuity which the Group claims with the Christianity of Christ in this matter, if they can.

Miss Gwyer's second criticism is contingent upon her first. But, assuming "guidance" to be a fact and not a "superstition," it can hardly be maintained that the difficult obedience to a divine leading, received, be it noted, not by the Group, but by the individual, is more destructive of "character" than the following of human opinion. Was the obedience of Christ or of St. Joan to the constant guidance of God weakening to character? Is the great saying of Dante—"*sua voluntate è nostra pace*"—a counsel of weakness or of strength?

The third criticism is tantamount to the syllogism:

Some religious movements have fallen into abuses owing to secret central control.

The Group Movement has secret central control.

Therefore the Group Movement is liable to abuse.

The main fallacy of this argument lies in its minor premise. There is no secret central control of the Group Movement, unless such a term can be applied to God. It is a movement of which it can justly be said that its centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. There is no secrecy, there is no centre, there is no rigid control of any associate of the movement other than his own "guidance." I speak from intimate experience.

The last criticism appears plausible. The facts it states are substantially correct with the solitary and vital exception that there are no "group funds." In almost all cases "propagandists" find their own expenses. Occasionally the expenses of members of the team who could not otherwise find the cost are found by supporters of the movement who could not otherwise actively assist it. The Movement moves deliberately in places where those middle classes to which it primarily and deliberately appeals as most pagan, are likely to be at home. Hence the "well-appointed hotels." Whether or not these tactics are open to criticism, it is a matter which can hardly be called crucial. In any case, it is the "propagandists" themselves who suffer for their unstinted spending in what they consider to be the cause of Christ.

It is unfortunate that Miss Gwyer's serious and sober criticism should have degenerated in the final paragraph of her letter into mere unsubstantiated abuse, but that, even in her case, it should have done so is illuminating. Criticism of the Movement would appear to be actuated more often by personal prejudice than by detached reason.

M. CHANING PEARCE.

Alpine College, Arveyes sur Bex,
Switzerland.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article on the "Oxford Group" appearing in your issue of December 3rd, and should like to make one comment. It seems to me that the charge of snobbishness is scarcely a fair one, at any rate as regards the originators of the movement. Is it not more likely that they felt that the poor and uneducated were being preached to quite enough already (and that it was grossly unfair to assume that they alone needed converting) while "Society" people as a whole were notoriously neglected—or negligent—as regards religion? To take one point only, persons who, presumably, hold that a knowledge of the Bible is, if not essential to "salvation," at least an important factor in character-building, must be appalled by the degree of ignorance to be observed in otherwise cultivated people, who might be expected to value the book if only for its literary quality.

One has to respect the motives of the "Group," even if unable

to sympathise with all of their methods. As regards "sharing," they appear to be of the mind of the late W. T. Stead, who was indignant with Mrs. Humphry Ward because she refused to tell him what hymns had helped her most. He held that no one had a right to keep his private experiences to himself, on the ground that they might help others if told. For what might be said against this view I fancy he had simply no understanding.

74 Parkway, A. WERNER.
Welwyn Garden City.

INTERNATIONALISING THE AIR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As you have done me the honour of quoting certain remarks of mine in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, perhaps you will allow me to make a few further remarks on the subject of International Aviation.

Apparently you imagine that civil aeroplanes should be internationally owned just as wagons-lits are to-day. May I point out that there is such a vast difference between the aeroplanes and engines of various nations that such internationalisation is practically impossible. Very few British people who have any knowledge of aeroplanes care to fly in machines which have been built in France, or which are handled by French pilots. A good many do not even care about flying in American or German aeroplanes. On the other hand, quite possibly some people belonging to continental nations might have some objection to flying in British aeroplanes. So who is going to decide what nation is going to build the aeroplanes and what nation is going to supply the pilots for them? You might just as well talk of internationalising steamships, because if navies were abolished any country could equip its steamers with guns and use them against the undefended sea-coast towns of its enemies.

The nationalisation of Air Forces would also carry its own grave objections. If we had a great international Air Force under the League of Nations, that Air Force would necessarily consist entirely of mercenary troops who had automatically abrogated their nationality. Thus we should arrive in time at a position similar to that of the Roman Empire when the Government of the Empire was decided by the Praetorian Guards, or that of the Turkish Empire when the Government was decided by the Janissaries. Surely you and your readers must recognise that nothing is more dangerous to peace than putting absolute power into the hands of mercenary troops.

Furthermore, may I point out, as somebody else did a week or so ago in a speech, that the longest and most destructive war of the nineteenth century was the American Civil War, in which the belligerents started without any armament at all?

The *Aeroplane*, C. G. GREY.
175 Piccadilly, W.1.

FREE TRADE AND LAND VALUES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As the interrupter at the Free Trade luncheon in London referred to this week in your "London Diary," may I give my version of the incident? The interruption came at the close of Sir Herbert Samuel's speech. Lord Snowden had urged Free Traders to link up Free Trade with the overthrow of land monopoly, and to point to land values as the source of public revenue, replacing the revenue derived from tariffs. That was his answer to Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Sir Herbert Samuel in his speech proceeded to make his own reply to Mr. Chamberlain. He contended that tariffs dried up the "ordinary sources" of revenue and if tariff restrictions were removed business would so benefit that the ordinary sources would again supply the revenue the country had lost.

Sir Herbert Samuel went on to lay down a positive policy for Free Traders in their fight against Protection—to work for the re-organisation of industry and agriculture for the establishment of smallholdings and for giving a lead toward the formation of a group of low-tariff countries.

It was here that the interjection came as an ironical question, "But *not* the Taxation of Land Values?" Sir Herbert Samuel, as reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, gave the reply that he was entirely with Lord Snowden on this question. He added that it was a matter of controversy. Surely, however, Lord Snowden's point was that Free Traders should have no hesitation in insisting on the removal of all restrictions and monopolies as the one complete and unanswerable reply to the protectionists. It is the opportunity for Free Traders to preach all-round freedom and give freedom a chance.

I cannot claim your space for the remaining anxieties of an anxious Free Trader waiting for the Radical word—except to say that the plea for advantages attaching to a low-tariff group of countries sounds very strange. It seems to me to be Ottawa all over again, with more haggling and bargaining, more discrimination, more ill-will, or even greater menace to world peace, and the consumer effectively held to ransom. Arrangements of this kind are worse than the tariffs themselves. A. W. MADSEN.
33 Oxford Road, S.W.15.

THE BOOK TOKEN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The problem of leisure, which means the right use of leisure, has become a problem of the day. There is general agreement that books and the reading of the right kind of books are essential elements in the right use of all recreational leisure, and never more so than for a generation in which the increasing mechanisation of life not only reduces the amount of free leisure for every individual, but requires a continuous corrective which will strengthen and nourish the intellect and the imagination.

The foundation of all good habits must be laid when we are young, and the recent "Boys' and Girls' Book Week" organised by the National Book Council implicitly stressed the importance of learning in childhood and youth to know and to love the best books of all kinds. This knowledge and this love, once acquired, will continue through life, and with it will come the subtle and unanalysable discovery that ownership of a good book or a wanted book doubles the pleasure and value of reading it.

Lovers of good books always want their friends to share in this joy of possession. They therefore give books as presents—a gift to become a possession. But how to select the right book for the individual friend?

Book Tokens, which have been started this year in the book trade, solve this perennial difficulty of selection. It is now possible to purchase at a bookshop a charmingly produced greeting card known as a Book Token, which is exchangeable at most important bookshops and bookstalls throughout the British Isles for a book or books to varying values according to the price printed on the Token.

We commend this scheme to your sympathetic consideration, and would respectfully suggest that it is one which would be of interest to your readers. GORELL.
National Book Council, C. GRANT ROBERTSON.
3 Henrietta Street, MICHAEL SADLER.
Covent Garden, W.C.2. HUGH WALPOLE.

THE GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a regular and admiring reader of "A London Diary," I much regret that "Critic" falls into the error of so many lay commentators on medical subjects and confuses the General Medical Council, a statutory body set up under the Medical Act and possessing various powers and duties, with the British Medical Association, which is a voluntary "trade union" of the medical profession.

Please, dear "Critic," refer to the G.M.C. or the B.M.A. and do not create hybrid B.M.C.s!

12 York Gate, N.W.1. NEVILLE M. GOODMAN, M.B.

STOPLIGHT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—An eminent Air Force officer has sent me privately some criticisms of my recent notes on mechanical signals for motor cars, printed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 3rd. He objects to the stoplight on the dual ground that it is not yet a legal substitute for the hand "stop" signal, and that it is sometimes screened by the bonnet of the following car. The legal objection hardly counts, as the police and all road users recognise the stoplight in practice. I should call it bad driving to sit so close on another's car tail that its stoplight is screened. In America some cars carry a tail plaque with the legend "If you can read this, you are too d——d close!" He does not state the main objection to stoplights, which is that unless they are wired in series with a dashboard lamp, the bulb may fail and the

driver may continue blissfully to depend on a signal which has long since gone out of action. He further criticises the proposed "turn indicator" operated by the steering gear with which various inventors are experimenting, on the ground that it cannot operate until the turn has actually commenced, whereas such signals should be given well in advance of the turn. Inventors, of course, realise this necessity, which considerably complicates their task. One solution is that the signal should be switched on by a small preliminary flick of the wheel of a few degrees in the intended direction; and that the switch should have a time factor, remaining lit for say one minute. The whole question is extremely complicated. R. E. DAVIDSON.

ENGLISH PROSE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While I must thank your reviewer, Mr. Barrington Gates, for his sympathy with my difficulties in writing *English Prose*, I am at a loss to understand why he should assume that I make a living by teaching, and announce that I have "trouble with professional leanings" and that "some shades of the class-room cling about" my book. Surely a book ought to be reviewed apart from the occupation of its author? If not, I should be imperilling my literary future when I confess, for the enlightenment of Mr. Gates, that I make a living by managing the advertising of a big store.

I trust no reviewer will take advantage of this dreadful disclosure and detect shadows of the lay-out desk or the composing room clinging about any books I publish in the future.

c/o J. Pinker & Sons, JOHN BROPHY.
Arundel Street, W.C.2.

"THE APPRECIATION OF ARCHITECTURE"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—When I read Mr. Harold Nicolson's brilliant review of Mr. Byron's book I was startled by his suggestion that the public ignorance of architects and indifference to architecture are partly due to "the Trades Union spirit which subjects architects to a rigid and wholly unnecessary discipline."

I wonder where Mr. Nicolson gets his misinformation. There is not a shadow of foundation for his suggestion. The representative architectural organisations in this country have been working hard for many years to remove the very evils of which he complains. The R.I.B.A. and its Allied Societies by means of exhibitions, lectures, prize awards, and propaganda of every reasonable kind have been trying to interest the press and the public in the best work of contemporary architects and to create a general appreciation of the art of architecture.

Possibly we have had little success, though I am encouraged by Mr. Nicolson's statement that "the interest in architecture is greater to-day than it has ever been before." But it is a little disconcerting to be accused of doing the exact opposite of what we are in fact doing. The "rigid and wholly unnecessary discipline" of which he complains simply does not exist.

9 Conduit Street, IAN MACALISTER,
London, W.1. Secretary R.I.B.A.

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Jordan's letter, which you publish in your issue of December 10th, reveals a confusion of thought in an attempt to correlate political theories of ownership of basic industries with the present dispute.

So long as the British Admiralty administer a fleet, and so long as that fleet needs fuel oil, it seems elementary that the Government must protect their sources of supply, irrespective of the equity interests in such sources.

The wider question raised in a new form is that of disarmament, and as and when real progress to disarmament is made so will such issue as the present Anglo-Persian dispute lose considerably in national significance. Until we pass out of mediaevalism we must not forget how mediaeval we are. MILES REID.

Hoyle Farm, Heyshott,
Nr. Midhurst, Sussex.

GRAND JURIES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is undoubtedly a burden and often very inconvenient to be called upon to serve on a Grand Jury. To the unthinking, moreover, it may seem anachronistic and absurd that a body of men and women should be called upon to waste a few hours very occasionally to keep alive "a pure piece of mediaeval formalism," as your legal correspondent calls it in your issue of November 26th. The possibilities have been too often explained to need repetition here, but I should like to quote, if I may, from a book you reviewed a month or so ago: *English Justice*, by "Solicitor." Grand Juries, he says, "provide a constitutional safeguard of importance. Their abolition is demanded by the kind of people who give up fire insurance because they have not had a fire for some years." That puts it in a nutshell.

Walsall. P. H. LAYTON.

THE ANIMALS OF THE POOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Fifteen years ago, in a Whitechapel cellar, I opened my first dispensary for free treatment to the animals of the poor. The need became so great that to-day we have sixty dispensaries operating in England, Ireland, North Africa and Paris. Also an animals' hospital at Ilford, with our seven travelling caravan dispensaries and five ambulances. The fact that nearly one million cases were treated last year, and that among other items 5 tons of chloroform, 20,000 bandages and 10,000,000 medicine powders were used, gives some idea of the magnitude of the work.

I am receiving many requests to extend our work abroad, for the suffering in many foreign countries must be seen to be believed. I am desperately in need of money to continue my tremendous task. Donations can be sent to the P.D.S.A. Head Office, 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

Most gladly will I send further information about the work.

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor. M. E. DICKIN,
14 Clifford Street, W.1. Founder and Honorary Director.

THE SLUM PROBLEM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In the discussion of the Government's new housing policy, a supporter in the House of Commons said: "He had always looked forward to the time when private enterprise would provide houses for the working classes and local authorities would deal with slum clearance which private enterprise could not do."

Is not this merely another way of saying that the jerry builder is once more to be allowed to make his profit by creating slums while we—the taxpayers and ratepayers—are to have the privilege of removing them? CITIZEN.

The Athenaeum, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE WORLD ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

Next week's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include an article by Mr. J. M. Keynes on the coming World Economic Conference. In this article, which is certain to be widely discussed, Mr. Keynes states the issues which will confront the Conference, foresees the danger of dealing with the symptoms rather than the causes of world depression, and explains the various policies for recovery which economists and statesmen are already considering. He puts forward a constructive policy which has not hitherto been publicly discussed.

Miscellany

THIN-NESS IN FLATS

THE walls which divide us are uncomfortably thin. It it not simply that I can hear the telephone next door uttering its stereotyped imprecations through clenched teeth—Jrr-jrr, Jrr-jrr—without hope, because, as the Irish maid announces, Madam is away having her face lifted again and she has locked the door of her room with the telephone inside. It is not that the piano belonging to the young man in the attic has a cold, and the purgatorial, or middle-flat, couple have left a fish dinner to burn and the baby's temper to boil over; nor that the ground-floor is playing Prokoviev with steel needles and all the doors and windows open. If one cannot get used to noises and smells there is virtue in stoicism. Neither am I complaining about the auras of my neighbours; tolerance of other people's spiritual states, bilious as they usually are, is in the English tradition, and, besides, I dare not be psychic with three materialists in the family. No, my grouse is a legitimate grouse, a psychological, not a psychic one.

As the char we share for our sins climbs snorting from basement to attic she lays at suitable intervals brooms, brushes, pails of refuse or dirty water, and nuclei of fascinating gossip. She is reckless as to facts, but her fictions flourish like bay trees; and the difficulties of inter-tenant intercourse become immense. While propriety demands that we should seem as ignorant as the pre-Freudian baby, every tenant is secretly excited by some news about another—a summons for dangerous driving, or a more splendid set of false teeth, or even a visitor with a handle to her name—and conversation becomes as difficult as tight-rope dancing. What on earth am I to say to Mrs. Paxton when she fails to mention her country sister's miscarriage, or Mr. Paxton's loss of his job, which happened, on Mrs. Bloggin's authority, through checking the boss? Mrs. Paxton is in a similar difficulty with her contraband information about me, so with one accord we mount the high horse (always the safest animal), one at each end, and discuss the weather. Now weather, which relates to crops, and therefore to life, means something to a rustic, as sun and moon and tides do to a fisherman. But our town weather is an intolerably deceitful topic. I do not blame Mrs. Paxton for her reticence (even supposing the Paxton myth to be true), but I bewail in her the stringy degeneration of the tenant. As she strives to preserve a social face against the battery of other people's thoughts and to hide the guilt of her own she withers conversation and sours the cream of human intercourse. The dry, thin and brittle type prevails. There may still, of course, be Shakespearean vulgarians who let themselves go, who actually need to wear corsets (typical tenants do not run to fat); who, in a word, enjoy themselves. Mrs. Bloggin, the charlady, does. But while the honours of valorous entertainment and vigorous personality go always to this charriest of chars, I maintain that she is a vampire who has sucked the robustiousness out of the flats—if ever there was any. But was there? Our glass and steel chairs, our hygienic lunches, our late nights spent in uncompanionable company, and, worst of all, our lighting arrangements, may be symptoms of long-standing anaemia. The Edwardians, no doubt, reared under the mournful, sizzling gas-lamps of the dank Victorian prison, enjoyed the silence and the hypnotic glare of their electric light. But electricians have become more subtle since then, and we poor tenants are self-doomed to blanch and fade in a limbo of diffused light which falsifies all reckonings. Gods and devils have been banished; our very thoughts, having no shadows, cease to be significant. Our Georgian children, if babies can be born in flats, must pine for dark woods and solitary lanterns, for the firelight of ancient inns, for the insulted stars and the forgotten moon. Perhaps they even wish to spot the stairs with candle-grease. O.

OPERA AT SADLER'S WELLS

EVERYBODY who has sampled all our London theatres extensively knows that there is more pleasure to be got consistently at the Old Vic (to which we must now add its Sadler's Wells adjunct, rebuilt and opened in 1931) than anywhere else. This, our only permanent repertory theatrical organisation in London, has maintained for many years now weekly performances of Shakespeare and opera throughout the greater part of the year. The work was carried on under the most difficult conditions, and it was not until the Old Vic was remodelled a couple of years ago and its new theatre at Sadler's Wells was opened that the management had proper equipment for the staff and company or proper conditions for preparing and rehearsing their work. Nevertheless, more intelligent and in every way superior performances of Shakespeare's plays were given at the Old Vic than anywhere else in London, and it has been for a long time now the only theatre to which one could take an intelligent foreigner in London who happened to be one's guest.

The operatic performances were not generally on the same level for the obvious reasons that opera costs more and we have not the same experienced native talent to draw upon. Since the opening of the Sadler's Wells theatre the operatic side has been strengthened considerably, and with the addition to the repertory of ballet the musical part of the activities of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells has become at least as important as the dramatic. Unfortunately, this extension and improvement has coincided with the general economic slump, otherwise the Vic-Wells repertory theatres would have reaped the full reward of their enterprise. As it is, I can recommend anyone to take his chance any night at either theatre, for practically everything that is done at either is worth doing and is well done.

There has lately been added to the Sadler's Wells repertory an evening bill consisting of two short operas, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and a new opera, *The Devil Take Her*, by Arthur Benjamin, which was greatly praised by Sir Thomas Beecham who conducted its first performance at Sadler's Wells. *Dido and Aeneas* is always worth hearing and can very rarely be heard, so that alone was sufficient inducement to go to Sadler's Wells, which, by the way, is much more accessible than many people think, being not more than seven minutes by bus from Southampton Row, Kingsway. This is not the first time that *Dido and Aeneas* has been done by the Vic-Wells theatres, but it is a more elaborate production than their last. Personally, I did not think that the producer, Mr. John B. Gordon, and the choreographer, Miss Ninette de Valois, had succeeded in their efforts to blend the dances and the choric movements with the rest of the opera. The stereotyped ballet gestures and poses were, I thought, completely artificial and inexpressive, verging sometimes on the ludicrous. This problem of handling the choruses and dances in these old operas is an extremely difficult one, but a happy solution is always more likely in the direction of economy and restraint of gesture than anywhere else.

Mr. Laurance Collingwood conducted, and there were many good features on the musical side, but I have one very serious criticism to make, which is that the words of most of the singers were quite inaudible to me, although I was sitting quite near the stage. It is odd that this fundamental element in all good singing, clear and distinct diction, should be so hard to get, especially it would seem from English singers. I do not think any musician will deny that good singing and distinct articulation of words are inseparable. Good diction means good tone and accurate intonation, for

it proceeds from a habit of preciseness and clarity of mind. For an English company singing opera in English good diction is absolutely indispensable and I wish that someone in authority at the Vic-Wells theatres would make a serious effort to improve this matter.

Mr. Arthur Benjamin's opera, *The Devil Take Her*, fared better than *Dido and Aeneas* in this respect, but musically this opera was to me a great disappointment. I could not find in it the slightest trace of originality or individual invention. It is completely derivative and its sources—such, for example, as Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*—are clear to all familiar with operatic music. But Mr. Benjamin has got for his plot an amusing old story of "the husband who took pity on his dumb wife and had her tongue cut to give her speech," and then bitterly regretted it. He has contrived to keep the music going with plenty of bustling activity, and works it up to a vigorous climax so that it made an effective piece to put with Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. Also one must applaud the Vic-Wells enterprise in doing new works occasionally as well as old masterpieces. There is no reason at all why the young dramatist and composer should not find in the Vic-Wells theatres the best, in fact almost the only, outlet for his work, and it is not to be expected that every new work will be a masterpiece, nor is it necessary. I should also like to see some more old operas rescued from neglect, such, for example, as Monteverde's *Orfeo* and *Coronazione di Poppea*. The Vic-Wells has a good record in this respect; it has quite recently revived Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*; and it would be an excellent thing, now that it has got so far to give an exhibition of Hans Strohbach's stage designs at the theatre and to use his designs for *The Devil Take Her*, to give us at Sadler's Wells his famous production of Verdi's *Macbeth* which made such a sensation in Germany a year or two ago. This opera of Verdi's has never been done at Covent Garden in my lifetime, but it is one of Verdi's most interesting works and it would be a great triumph for the Vic-Wells theatres to be the first to produce it in England.

W. J. TURNER.

THOUGHTS ON JUSTICE AND DEGENERATE LOVE

I.

YOU prate of love and mildness, gentle ways,
Kindness and peace; hoist Heaven's dejected dove.
Now for new words, strange reflex to your praise—
Down with the strumpet, I am sick of Love.

Let us, instead, praise combat and clean play,
The thrust above the cards, and not beneath;
Bring plumes to him who seeks unequal fray,
And thank the kissing-god that lips hide teeth.

Let us crown Justice, hail the proud and straight,
Throne a new monarch—one with penetrant eyes;
Not Love, but Justice—whom we gag and hate.
Love is venereal and a queen of lies.

II.

So many theories to set right
This round world rolling into night,
When all she needs, her pace to mend,
Is Justice—Mercy for a friend.

Come forth King Justice with thy blade!
Run swift Queen Mercy with thy aid!
Bring stone and steel and linen white,
And set this rolling planet right.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Fuss About Nothing

THERE is nothing wrong and everything right with plays like *Business With America* at the Haymarket, once one accepts the convention, that old and seasoned one, of mistaken identity that remains unrectified until the final curtain. Worse comedies than this have got away with it, for here the titters are at least continuous, and there are none of those fatal saggings into real life which prevent so many comedies of the kind from keeping up to standard. It is more than capably acted, since the cast sinks itself nobly in the convention with the exception of Mr. Clifford Mollison, who has some amusing tricks but underrates the audience's intelligence in spotting them, and makes acting look too much like the hard work it is. Miss Madge Titheradge gives a mellow quality to the fatuous antics of a wife who gets her own back on an imposingly beautiful secretary, Miss Leonora Corbett, and the rest of the cast are high spirited in their setting of a modern Viennese drawing room.

English and American

The Plaza performance consisting of an American picture *Night After Night* and of an English film *Riverhouse Ghost* creates an unpleasant impression on a patriotic but critical onlooker. *Night After Night* is a speak-easy picture, admirably directed, wittily written, brilliantly photographed and acted. The onlooker has always something amusing to which he may listen and at which he may look. *Riverhouse Ghost* has none of these merits. The plot is futile, the humour flat; it moves with agonising slowness to a foregone conclusion, and never attains mediocrity in acting, photography or direction. We are always being told that the British film industry now turns out a first-rate article, and such pictures as *Rome Express* do indeed show a considerable improvement in technique and general intelligence. But, unfortunately, such a film as *Riverhouse Ghost* still presents an epitome of all these faults, which we must be prepared to discover, in greater or less degree, in films coming from British studios.

A New Nineveh

After Tobias, Jonah. It was an easy transition, for both are stories of little men and their comic relationship with the mighty, uncomprehended Jahveh. Mr. Bridie, whose new play at the Westminster must be seen by everybody with a taste for pleasant satire and an eye for theatrical production, has never written more delicious dialogue and never organised his situations more skilfully—the play is for the fastidious but, thanks to some admirable stage pictures, will please even the average, slightly jaded theatre-goer. All the same, he has barked up the wrong tree. The dramatic possibilities of the imminent destruction of Nineveh are allowed to tempt the attention away from the main focal point of the development of the prophet's character. The result is an anti-climax, with the city intact and presumably reverting to its wickedness, and Jonah apparently handing in his notice to the Almighty in high dudgeon and seeking consolation in the arms of the exigent little minx who has followed him from his home-town. This is poor stuff compared to the proper biblical entry. Still, the play abounds in happy character-sketches nicely blending archaism and modernity with delicate humour, and the production is gloriously vivid. Mr. Edward Chapman has a thought too much humanity as the prophet, but is very delightfully human, Miss Joan White is a devoted but not disinterested convert, and Miss Gillian Scaife superb, both in satire and sincerity, as an aristocrat who feels that the destruction is yet another example of bad taste among the authorities.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Friday, December 16th—
Royal Philharmonic Society, "The Messiah," Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Saturday, December 17th—
Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall, 2.30.

Sunday, December 18th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Can England Save Herself?" Conway Hall, 11.
"Fool's Music," Grafton Theatre.

Tuesday, December 20th—
"The Streets of London," Ambassadors Theatre.

Thursday, December 22nd—
"Ballyhoo," Comedy Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ALL sensible people forget about Christmas until December 24th. A panic then descends upon them, they are impelled to battle wildly in large emporiums, they return with an encumbered sense of wastage to their homes. As an escape from this inevitable panic I recommend the pocket edition. A quite quiet hour in any bookshop will provide a parcel, compendious, portable and neat. For in fact the art of the pocket edition has, during the last few years, reached a very laudable state of perfection. Dimly can I remember the days when the Reklam edition first spread its horrid orange leaflets over Germany. In England at that date we had our classics printed on India paper and bound in limp morocco with end-papers decorated in the style of Mr. Bernard Partridge. And then came *Everyman*, that triumphant library, and in his footsteps have followed many other Wayfarers and Travellers. Not always have the publishers of these invaluable little books borne in mind that the first essential of a pocket edition is that it should slip—and I use the word in its most literal sense—into the pocket. There should be neither tug nor bulge. As models of this branch of book-making I commend the Cambridge Miscellany. The Cambridge University Press have discovered a paper and a type which are as solid as any Nonesuch edition and as light as aluminium. My only grievance against the Cambridge Miscellany is that it is so wildly miscellaneous. You have Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Charles Sorley; you have *Small Talk at Wreyland*, and *A Small Boy in the 'Sixties*; and now, for the price of 3s. 6d., you have Mr. T. R. Glover reprinting his Lewis Fry Lectures upon Horace. A light and yet a solid little book. The ideal Christmas present for a man of middle age.

* * *

Mr. Glover, being Virgilian by temperament, having an almost ethical distaste for the sty of Epicurus, adopts towards Horace a defensive, nay, an almost apologetic, attitude. He describes how he himself, after spending many reverent years in the Virgilian grove, returned to Horace only to find that his old passion for the poet was cold and dead, only to find the thing "mere prose in metre." As the years passed, his appreciation again revived. It is obvious that Mr. Glover is to-day very fond indeed of Horace. Yet it is a gentle, reminiscent, somewhat wistful fondness. Mr. Glover evidently finds in the Odes what D'Annunzio has called "the profound seduction possessed by objects which one once has loved." Is not this a very general experience? Horace is a poet who is loved (or hated) at the age of fifteen, and then loved again at the age of fifty. His main appeal is felt in very early adolescence and in later middle age. Is this strange circumstance a serious criticism of his value? This question, implicitly at least, is examined by Mr. Glover in his two lectures. He answers it with affectionately tender intelligence. And he succeeds in making out for Horace a very excellent case. He does not confine himself merely to the obvious qualities possessed by his subject, to "the exquisite art of rhythm and order, the clear bright speech, the quick and graceful movement of ideas, and the friendly poet who smiles at his reader." He goes farther. He examines the nature of that friendliness, the quality of that smile. And he considers why it is that this particular poet should for so long have made a personal appeal to Englishmen, and especially to the Englishmen of our own Augustan age. It is this analysis of the "Englishness" of Horace which renders Mr. Glover's book so interesting and which fires so many trains of thought.

* * *

In the first place Horace appeals to the solidity of the English temperament. His conception of Rome is, in its freedom from sentimental vaunting, in its tender restraint, closely akin to the sober patriotism of the cultured Englishman. Mr. Glover is right in drawing attention to the extreme moderation of Horace's imperialism, to the horror of political cruelty which had remained to him from his boyhood's experience. He is right also in stressing the real seriousness of Horace's belief in conciliation, in alluding to the tactful yet persistent manner in which he dissuaded Augustus from reprisals or brutality. I had always regarded the political odes as too lapidary to contain any but a conventional purpose. Mr. Glover's suggestion gives them an added meaning. The actual good sense, moreover, of Horace is closely attuned to our own habits of indolent instinctiveness, whereas his personal pride is of the same quality as the restrained individualism of the average Englishman. We like to feel that he refused to become a court official: we like the independence of his attitude towards Maecenas and the Emperor: a touch of snobbishness is by no means a displeasing quality if balanced by a personal dignity which can descend to no toadyism. His sense of humour, again, is peculiarly like our own. It is based, as Mr. Glover points out, upon the system of under-statement. This system also governs his emotional passages. He has a quality of reticence which can best be appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon. The Latins and the Teutons seems to miss the essential Horace. Even Goethe got him frightfully wrong.

* * *

In the second place Horace puts us at our ease. In intellectual matters the Anglo-Saxons are all too sensitive to a feeling of inferiority. They respond with gratitude to people, such as Mr. Baldwin and Horace, who have no intellectual affectations. Mr. Glover is discerning when he draws an analogy between the self-dispraise of Horace and that of James Boswell. The affection which we feel for both of them is very largely based upon our gratitude for the consolations which they have provided for our self-esteem. If Horace can confess so gaily that he has been cowardly, or foolish, or indiscreet, then all the shaming experiences of our own past are mitigated by this glib urbanity. If Horace, at fifty, can confess that his love affairs have brought him into ridicule, then the poignancy of such defeats is softened by his example. Other men have been as voluble, as gay, as good-tempered, as equable and as urbane. Yet few among the irritable tribes of poets have been so sympathetic to the failings and misfortunes of the average reader. It is not merely that Horace, although vain in social matters, was profoundly modest: it is that he has a genius for the average. And, since most of us are average, we feel that this sort of genius is the one we like best of all.

* * *

There is another aspect of the popularity of Horace to which Mr. Glover does not allude, but which is, I think, important. It is the memorability of his verse. It is a common failing among middle-aged gentlemen of public school education to recall with pride those few tags of Latin which still remain to them. Horace is the supreme purveyor of tags. There is an old-boys-dinner flavour about his poetry. It is largely for this reason that the middle-aged return to Horace and to the cadences and intricacies of their youth. Yet are these cadences, when one comes to examine them, great poetry? They are certainly great verse. But like so many masters of sound, like Swinburne or Victor Hugo, Horace can make even nonsense sound exquisite, can give a lilt to unutterable silliness:

> Piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo
> Nota quae sedes fuerat columbis
> Et superjecto pavidae natarunt
> aequore dammae.

Even Ovid never wrote such liquid rubbish. I confess, however, that Mr. Glover has brought me some return of my allegiance. I think that, armed with Loeb, I will read Horace again. And, in spite of Mr. Birrell, I shall also read again the *Ars Poetica*. Why not? After all, there are few more sensible essays on the art of composition. HAROLD NICOLSON.

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE ECONOMIC BACKGROUND

The Universe of Science. By H. LEVY. Watts. 7s. 6d.

Materialism. By J. S. HALDANE. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

The two books here under consideration belong to a very different order of writings upon scientific method. Professor Levy's aim is to restore to the popular understanding of science a more tough-minded character than that which has of recent years been fostered under the guidance of scientific men who happen to be at the same time idealists in philosophy. Professor Haldane's aim is to fire off yet another half-dozen high explosive shells (actually, there are eight short essays in his book) at the predominant "mechanistic theories" of the scientific worker, precisely in the interests of a Berkeleyan-Bradleyan idealism. It is for us, then, to take a tour of inspection of these various artillery positions.

The most interesting aspect of Professor Levy's discourse is his insistence, as a mathematician, that mathematics is being very much overdone in contemporary science. It is the source, he claims, of that progressive incomprehensibility which seems to be overshadowing the simplest phenomena of nature. If mathematical physicists demand ten dimensions or so in order to describe or explain the movements of a particle, this is a sign, not that we are really penetrating into the particle's state of affairs, but that our physical and mathematical technique is inadequate. If it *were* adequate, suggests Professor Levy, our discussion of the particle would be more approximate to the point of view of "common sense." Similarly, in Professor Eddington's view, our only way of knowing that time is a one-way street, is that there is a progressive increase of the random element in the universe; a circumstance which we express in the second law of thermodynamics. The primary equations of physics, as Professor Eddington rightly says, give us no indication of the direction of time's arrow, for they are perfectly reversible. But this, argues Professor Levy, should be taken simply as evidence of their inadequacy. The order of events is imposed on us, is *given*, and if our mathematics fail to embody this feature of our world, that is their funeral (if we may so express it), not the funeral of the world.

On the one hand, then, Professor Levy wishes to make scientists more sceptical of the fantastic conclusions to which they may easily be led by too confident a reliance on the possibilities of mathematics. On the other hand, he wishes to make the scientific public more sceptical of the facile reconciliations and interpretative exercises of philosophers and near-philosophers. It is in this connection that he has some very valuable things to say about "holism" and emergent evolution. The proposition that a whole is not the sum of its parts has now been hammered into the scientific worker's mind until he has come to loathe the sound of the phrase, yet no philosopher, until Professor Levy, has been able to voice his objections to it. And yet the whole matter is almost only one of terminology. That mysterious piece of emergent creativity which has to be added to an agglomeration of anything before a whole can be obtained vanishes in Professor Levy's analysis of Isolation and Isolates. The universe is a Whole, the biggest whole of the lot, but nothing can be done about it scientifically until someone chips a piece off and studies it in isolation. And the procedure of isolation, particularly the verification of how far a given realm can legitimately be treated as an isolate, is indeed, as Professor Levy well points out, one of the most fundamental aspects, if not *the* most fundamental aspect, of scientific methodology. Hereafter the scientific worker may treat Holism and Emergence more lightly. Professor Levy reduces emergent creativity to the level of the alogical core of the universe, where, happily, it can be disregarded by the scientific worker.

Having thus achieved a direct hit in the camp of those who would turn science into mathematics, and another direct hit in the camp of those who would rewrite science on a holistic basis, he aims his lethal weapons at those who worship science for its own sake. And here we see the origin of an English neo-Marxian school of scientific method, for in his admirable chapters on science as a social product, Professor Levy has written a companion manifesto to that contained in Professor Hogben's *Nature of Living Matter*. The "publicist" viewpoint, with its corollaries in logic, ethics, and practical action, indeed, seems to be accepted by Professor Levy, although his opinions on art would appear to be ideological deviations from publicist orthodoxy. Even to begin a discussion of the implications of these interesting pages would be beyond the scope of this review; but enough has been said to show that they constitute the beginnings of a movement at least as important as that idealistic reaction against nineteenth-century naturalism, of which they are the antithesis.

The same degree of importance cannot be attributed to Professor Haldane's essays, which do little but reiterate his expressed opinions of many years. Mechanism in biology is a mistaken no-thoroughfare, Organism is axiomatic, Idealism is the only reasonable philosophy. Religion is valuable, Theology bad. But in his book there is one really interesting essay; his charming presidential address to the Institution of Mining Engineers. Himself a physiologist, much of whose work had lain in the applied physiology of the mining industry, he spoke to them of comradeship and social justice, significantly attributing the evils of industrialism to just that scientific materialism against which he had kept up a lifelong struggle. But with the characteristic blindness of old-fashioned philosophic liberalism, he did not in his address envisage the necessity of any radical change in the class-basis of industry, and could only picture progress within the framework of the existing order. But no word is more protean than Materialism, and Professor Haldane's own love of social justice might find its fulfilment where, owing to the Materialism of the past, he might least expect to look for it, namely, in the Materialism of the future. JOSEPH NEEDHAM.

ONE OF THE KINGSLEYS

The Life of Mary Kingsley. By STEPHEN GWYNN. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Thirty-five years ago, Mary Kingsley achieved a sudden and a brief fame. The most ridiculously adventurous of travellers, celebrated as much for her courage as for her powers of unconventional description, she was in demand for lectures and articles; she was even at one time the recipient of deferential letters on the subject of the psychology of colonial taxation from the great Joseph Chamberlain; yet now all this has become rather a dim memory.

Is it because West African discovery was so soon to be overshadowed by events farther South? Or is it because she is regarded as one of the Pioneer Women, Pioneers of Empire even—phrases which misfire now or are regarded as faintly Victorian by our unpolitical, unsociological generation? Even her name is against her. "One of the Kingsleys" means Charles Kingsley and mid-nineteenth century idealism, long since degenerate.

But for Mary Kingsley it is the wrong pigeon-hole. Between Mary and her father on one side, and her uncle Charles on the

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PLUS

Plus what?

Plus a little something some others haven't got

other, there is a gulf. In chapter seven of her memoir of her father (probably one of the few specially significant passages in her work which Mr. Gwynn has not quoted) she explains this difference, describing her uncle's attitude :

> To-day, it is the human being that enthralls. Let the human being be never so feeble, flabby, hideous or poor in spirit, it stands highest in popular esteem.

Thus Charles " loved the mass." He was in the thrall of humanity. But it was not an allegiance owed by her father or herself. All the Kingsleys could write, and Charles, whose books Mary had never read, wrote most of his fascinating stories about adventure and travel ; but in spite of cruises to Jamaica, the reality for him was his English rectory, his Christian love of the people he desired to help, and the honourable reform work of a mild but distinguished rebel. George, in contrast, was never happy in England. He was always leaving for inaccessible places near the equator " for a book, for science." But no book came, and no thesis—only letters, full of rapturous description and a kind of exalted pride in his exile. The place, the strange continent, was the reality for him. Like his daughter, he was in the " thraldom of the *Erdgeist*."

The phrase is her own. She left England under the same compulsion, with equally thin excuses. It is true that when she came back the new power which her suddenly acquired sense of achievement gave her led to lectures and *Studies* and a kind of propaganda which classed her in the public mind with the Gertrude Bells and the Mary Carpenters of her time. Yet her ideas were the result, and not the purpose, of her African travels ; and so it is not surprising that what she has to say is of permanent value as an attack on the kind of Empire building which insists on talking about sacred trusts and regards all native inhabitants as raw material to be enlightened and taxed. She is against the missionary and against the " bureau," against " reform " and Westernisation : she is pleading for the unofficial methods of our first settlers in India and America, who not only in their trading believed that they could receive as well as give when they encountered strange and tremendous continents. Like Mary Kingsley, in a new country they were subject to new dominion.

Perhaps this spellbound existence is the secret of her absolute physical courage in the face of dangers ranging from sharks and campings out with cannibals, to the usually mortal and eventually inescapable coast fever—an almost incredible attribute which Mr. Gwynn makes very clear by quotations from unpublished *Travels*. No doubt in this decade it can be neatly taped by physiologists. Much could be made of the fact that at a crisis of personal danger she had a " salt taste in her mouth." But description is not explanation. It must have been that because contact with what was non-human in the world meant reality for her, " alive " and " dead " seemed not such urgently pertinent categories. Her only wish for the future, that she should be buried at sea, seems to bear this out. She would not anyhow be shut up in the detestably humanised earth of graveyards. Mr. Gwynn's Life is not the less valuable because he refrains from some of these perhaps obvious comments, and it does not lose dramatic interest from the fact that the greater part of it is bare quotation.

THE STUART CHARM

Bonnie Prince Charlie. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Prince Charlie. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. Peter Davies. 5s.

Prince Charles Edward, as Mr. Clennell Wilkinson presents him in his fascinating book, was essentially a man of action, and his life, so far as we need concern ourselves with it, was concentrated in one splendid exploit ; a young man whose impulses were completely liberated only during six fateful months out of a fairly long lifetime. " It was a wild and dirty night in Innsbruck on the 2nd of April, 1719 . . " is Mr. Wilkinson's appropriate beginning to the prologue of his high-spirited story of Prince Charlie and the 'Forty-five, and we wish we did not know the end. It is not Mr. Wilkinson's fault that this end must always seem stupid and prosaic, just as any end to a story of wild and incredible adventure which is contrived wilfully on a tragic, psychological or some other wrong note. It may be, as Mr. Wilkinson tries to console us, that all unbeknown to himself Charles Edward in the long run " saved the kilt and the tartan and the songs of Scotland and the very soul of the Highlands."

Meanwhile, we can revel in a series of fantastic and brave episodes beginning with the smuggling into Italy of the Old Chevalier's Polish bride and going on to the 'Forty-five itself with Prince Charlie's forlorn landing, the Dumasesque seizure of Edinburgh, the march on Derby, the fatal retreat, and the famous escape after Culloden. All these and much more Mr. Wilkinson sets forth with such admirable verve that we find ourselves readily forgiving him for being a careful historian and for including the quarrelsome and shameful end of the story and the bloodshed of it. But as to what happens to Prince Charlie after his adventure was over and he returned to the continent Mr. Wilkinson is himself a rebel. " The latter period of Prince Charlie's life," he says in extenuation of his brief summary of it, " does not matter. It is a perfectly sound popular instinct which thinks of him always as a young man, ignoring those weary, wasted, insignificant years. There is little to be gained from contemplation of a man of action who has no longer anything to do."

Mr. Wilkinson knows well enough that if a sequel to his story is needed it wants quite a different kind of book from this, although there is something of the old fantasy in Prince Charlie's attempt to become a Protestant, his proposal to marry the Tsar's daughter, and his visit to London. His later history does not concern itself much with European politics. He had no real part in them after the 'Forty-five, and even then it ceased when the effect of his landing was to bring back as many English troops as the French wanted withdrawn from the continent. Some writers have suggested that Prince Charlie's memory would have gained immeasurably had he perished at the head of his Highlanders. But his memory is safe enough, for who else inspires an anxiety to ring down a curtain which in the actual course of events remained obstinately and unpityingly up for forty dismal years ? It is true that other writers take a less idealistic view. Sir Charles Petrie, for example, in his recent history of the Jacobite movement, urges that it was only during these forty years that Prince Charlie's real character emerged.

His life during those years of exile, if sufficient details were obtainable, would provide an excellent subject, not for an artist in the macabre, as calumny and popular legend would have us believe, but for a writer who, like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, has a proper relish for a story such as that of Charles Edward in his old age being tended very gently in Rome by his and Clementina Wilkinshaw's legitimised daughter :

> One day an Englishman named Greathead visited Charles and drew him on into telling over again the old story of the 'Forty-five. All went well until he came to Culloden. Then with the memory of the slaughter, the hangings, the floggings, the exiles and all that enterprise had cost that country, he fell from his chair in a fit upon the floor. His daughter hearing the noise came in. " O Sir," she cried, " what is this ? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlands. No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."

Mr. Compton Mackenzie provides an accomplished full-length portrait in miniature. His short but well-documented book is written in a much more realistic and less lively manner than Mr. Wilkinson's, and outwardly it is less romantic. But beneath the surface of his sobriety there glows a fierce clannishness. Prestonpans was a military miracle which can be appreciated by any Lowlander (with his sentimental songs) or any Englishman (who always waits to be on the winning side), but how it happened that Prince Charlie was able to set up his standard at Glenfinnan, making his " short but very pathetick speech," or how it was possible at that date for him to raise and lead an invading army of over ten thousand men, are matters about which a Highlander is best able to provide an explanation.

> It was to destroy Whiggery that Prince Charles was born [Mr. Mackenzie reminds us]. From the moment of his birth the Gaelic poets had been proclaiming his advent as the saviour of his people, and without a knowledge of Gaelic poetry and songs of this period it is impossible to understand the great longing that the arrival of the Prince appeased. Almost every biographer of Charles has failed to appreciate the legend of the deliverer which for years had possessed the Gaels with a fervour of Messianic belief.

In short, Mr. Mackenzie does not regard the 'Forty-five as a mere adventure, but as a portentous event which seared the pride of his race. As for Prince Charlie's part in it, he points out how right his judgment usually was and how defeatist and wrong that of his advisers. He gives prominence to the Prince's letter in answer to Lord George Murray's demand for a " committee of commanders " which began : " When I came to Scotland I knew well enough what I was to expect from my Ennemies, but I little foresaw what I meet with from my friends. . . ."

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Further, the 'Forty-five undoubtedly brought out Prince Charlie's character as an engaging mixture of Stuart dignity and charm and Polish brilliance, but its chief interest lies in its sacred mission. The cruel and bloodthirsty revenge which it brought upon his followers stands out in stark contrast with the demeanour of a gracious prince, and all the more because "he believed that it was as much his duty as he knew it was his desire to take the course of action he did."

OUR SHOPS

Retailing and the Public. By LAWRENCE E. NEAL. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

In every household there must be at least one person with a lively interest in retailers and what they have to offer, and a simple but authoritative discussion of the public aspects of retailing should therefore be assured of a welcome. Mr. Neal's book goes a good way, if not the whole way, towards providing what is required. Its very authorship commends it. Mr. Neal is one of the younger managing directors of department stores in this country; his book is the outcome of two years of discussion among a group of young retailers, and their work assumes a special significance by virtue of their connection with the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors, which sets an example to other trade associations through its endeavours to raise, by research investigations into common problems, the standard of service of its member firms. This study of retailing is by no means an uncritical *apologia* for the trade of shopkeepers.

There are apparently about half a million retail shops in this country. Mr. Neal devotes the first part of his book to an explanatory account of their different kinds and organisations. The larger institutions, comprising perhaps ten per cent. of the whole, do nearly one-half of the total trade. Among these organisations the 1,250 retail co-operative societies, which are sympathetically described, account for twelve or fifteen per cent. of the sales. Their nearest parallel among private traders is the multiple shops, which number possibly fifty thousand, and secure fifteen to twenty per cent. of the total retail turnover. Mr. Neal brings out well the importance of "travelling light" in this type of retailing, and of avoiding too rigid an association with particular manufacturers. He does not perhaps stress sufficiently this same probable cause of the strength of the largest co-operative societies, such as the London and the Royal Exchange, Woolwich, which buy a smaller proportion of their supplies than the others from the wholesale societies. By retaining and exercising their power to vary their sources of supply as market conditions change, they gain rather than lose in strength.

Three hundred department stores in this country apparently handle 7½ per cent. of the total sales of retail shops. Mr. Neal, at home in his subject, gives in three special chapters an excellent account of the complex machine which each store conceals behind the scenes, planning and co-ordinating the work of the departments, arranging the finance and the publicity. The reader may doubt with him whether all the publicity is worth the money. More information would indeed have been welcome concerning the wisdom of national newspaper advertisement by stores with mainly localised sales, and concerning the incidence of the cost. And after reading Mr. Neal's account of the economies of centralised buying, one may well ask why apparently only one of the large chains of department stores which cater for similar classes of customers has yet availed itself of the opportunities open for the reduction of costs.

The total sales of all retail shops are here estimated at £1,750 millions, which is after all only about one-half of the national income. One wonders indeed whether more than that is not really spent on finished goods. Mr. Neal's treatment of this figure is, however, misleading, for he compares it with the industrial production figure for 1924 of £1,743 million, which is not a *turnover* figure at all, but the net value added by industry to the national income. The comparable *turnover* figure for industry is £3,963 millions. The contribution of retailing to the national income is the aggregate gross margin or gross profit, which, if we assume an average of 33⅓ per cent. on a turnover of £1,750 millions, is £580 millions—a very different thing.

Of chief interest to the general public will be Mr. Neal's discussion of the relation between retail and wholesale prices, which will probably convince most readers of the inevitability of a time-lag between their movements. The account does not bring out the important fact that large-scale production due to concentration in fewer large factories can only reduce factory cost by increasing transport costs on the finished product, thus raising distribution charges. Both Mr. Neal and Mr. Marquis (managing director of Lewis's Ltd.), who contributes a foreword, are inclined to believe that there are too many shops, although Mr. Marquis himself has recently made a notable addition to their number. It is the small family shop which fails to find favour. What is not explained—and it is a notable omission in the book—is why these convenient shops, apparently so much less efficiently run, are no dearer to buy from. The reason is, of course, that while the larger shops can mostly afford to sell at lower prices, yet they agree with the manufacturers of the articles which these small shops largely sell that they will not pass on to the public, in price reductions, any of the economies which they secure. While manufacturers, possibly erroneously, prefer many scattered small distributors to fewer large efficient ones, and are encouraged by the retail trade to enforce selling prices which keep the small inefficient shops going, the retailers themselves ought not to complain. One day, no doubt, the public will.

POETRY OF PLACE

Little Mary Crosbie. By MARGARET CROPPER. Constable. 2s. 6d.

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In *Little Mary Crosbie*, by Margaret Cropper, a member of another notable Westmorland family, we have a new poem in national English which is yet a regional masterpiece that shows nearly as deep an understanding of Westmorland country-people and the noble Westmorland country as Wordsworth's own—such a poem as Dorothy Wordsworth might have written if she had thought of doing something for herself. It does not affect the Wordsworth manner; it is not a "school piece"; it puts itself in line with the Wordsworthian achievement by its first-hand approach to its subject-matter that is not seen through any veils of literature, and by its first-hand diction that is not vernacular and yet can stir the sound of Westmorland voices in ears that are familiar with that music.

But here Susannah rose and delivered herself;
"She's stopping with me is little Mary Crosbie,
She's never been done right by in that place;
If I have to go before the gentlefolks
And speak for her, she isn't going to leave me.
Aye (with a lightning flash of illumination),
I reckon I know why I can't make her come;
She's seen you, and run off to hide herself,
That tells its tale." She showed her guest the door.
The officer, as she crossed the summer fields,
Could only repeat her last words to Susannah:
"I consider the whole case most unsatisfactory."

A star was shining,
And she could hear
Susannah calling her,
Very near . . .

She got up,
And stood still as a stone;
She crept out
Where the star shone . . .

And ran till she came
Where Susannah stood,
Sobbing out:
"I'm not good;

"But I saw that one,
I thought she'd say
She'd come to take me
Right away.

"I'm not good."
In the star shine
Susannah answered
"Nay, but she's mine."

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very deep places in the general heart of man, with a beautiful truth, an exquisite candour that can command laughter and tears together. The spirit of place inhabits their humble dwelling-place. The story has a searching importance for those who control public institutions dealing with childhood; but the strongest and final impression is of the obscure peasant-woman whose unfailing insight puts her among the finest humanity of her time.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

PLACES AND PICTURES

Herefordshire. VOLUME II. EAST. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 30s.

Rome. By RENNELL RODD. Macmillan. 25s.

Iorana! By ROBERT GIBBINGS. Duckworth. 15s.

Fourteen Engravings on Wood. By ROBERT GIBBINGS. Orient Line.

Modern Caricaturists. By H. R. WESTWOOD. Dickson. 15s.

The Masque of the Red Death. By E. A. POE. Halcyon Press. £4 4s.

The Vision of the Daughters of Albion. By W. BLAKE. Dent. 15s.

The A.B.C. of the Theatre. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Cresset Press. 5s.

"Take a holiday at home in Herefordshire," should be the advertisement issued by the Stationery Office for this excellent second volume, in which are recorded the ancient beauties of the east part of that noble county. Well known as are certain places in Herefordshire, such as Ross, the county itself remains unduly obscured by the more flaunted charms of Shropshire, Worcestershire and Warwickshire. Recently Mr. Stanley Baldwin has indulged in a patriotic trick of claiming for Worcestershire what belongs to that county's neighbours. Of all the counties which march on the border of Wales none is lovelier than Herefordshire, and none has monuments better worth preserving. It is high time that the ignorant and prejudiced ceased talking of this county as though nothing there was notable save the cattle and the cathedral; and here is a book to give defenders plenty of ammunition. Like all volumes in this magnificent series, the text is written with skill and scholarship; and the illustrations—there are nearly two hundred full-page plates—are as handsome as they are instructive; they range from illustrations of churches and towers to representations of the delicate carving on mantelpieces and bench-ends. After looking at the photographs of the famous beauties of Ledbury, Hereford men should take copies, visit the Poet Laureate, and persuade him to leave Boar's Hill for his lovelier birthplace.

Except for those who fancy winter sports in Scandinavia (or Caledonia) most English people who crave to go abroad for Christmas will have to do the journey by book only. Few better routes could be found than Sir Rennell Rodd's way to Rome. The sub-title of his book is "Rome of the Renaissance and To-day," and Sir Rennell Rodd is peculiarly happy in his account of the changes made by the artists and architects of the Renaissance. There is, however, plenty about older Rome, such churches as San Clemente and other relics of the Middle Age. The book is surprisingly fresh in its treatment of so over-written a subject; and Mr. Henry Rushbury's illustrations will reveal new beauties to those who are familiar with Rome.

Although Mr. Gibbings' endeavours to relieve the tragic melancholy of his Tahitian journal by gay stories and vivid descriptions, *Iorana!* remains the saddest book we have met about Tahiti, sadder even than George Calderon's nobly indignant volume; for Mr. Gibbings seems too preoccupied with his own dreariness to pay more than a passing attention to the troubles of the Tahitians. Here we have the falsely gay South Seas popularised among us by Robert Keable. After a dose of Keable, and a drench of Mr. Gibbings, there seems no answer to the question, What is a South Sea Island? except, It is the Café Rotonde completely surrounded by rum and water. It is notorious that the early Protestant missionaries to the islands were of an almost unexampled bigotry and tactlessness, confusing most thoroughly Christianity and convention, civilisation and calico. Yet they at least had motives that are not despicable. The traders, loafers and artists depicted by Mr. Gibbings use the Tahitians for their lust and desert them for their convenience. Most readers will echo Mr. Gibbings' cry, "Everything that belongs to the island is glorious, everything that is imported is horrible"; and apply it first to the European who disappoints the Tahitian by a degradation that falsifies his standards and theirs. Still in this book Mr. Gibbings gives some striking wood-engravings. Striking perhaps rather than beautiful; for in many of these illustrations the composition and the line have a harshness that do not quite suit the "glory" of the Islands, but no doubt express the artist's disgust and disillusionment at the cowardly ruin the European has made there. In the folio issued by the Orient Line there are some delightful engravings—that of the Toucans is as good as Mr. Gibbings has ever done of birds, that is as good as a wood-engraving of birds can be. There is fine drawing in the *Tunis* and vigorous humour in some of the West Indian engravings. Our only criticism is that in a series which represents scenes in Italy, Jamaica, Tunis and Scandinavia, it is a pity that the artist has used the same technique for all, which leaves one with the impression that all have an identical atmosphere.

One can travel, too, with no fear of the exchange into the countries that artists make. Mr. Westwood's choice of caricaturists is very capricious. His apparent aim is a study of the political cartoonist, yet among his two dozen or so he includes Kapp, Thomas Derrick and Powys Evans, none of whom has done much political work. Mr. Westwood has little power of artistic appreciation, and includes work not worth rescuing from any files. Yet here is Low, here is Will Dyson, here is Raemakers; here are Gulbransson and Schulz of *Simplicissimus* and Johnson of *Kladderdatsch*. The book is worth having for the drawings by these men, by Kapp, Derrick and Evans, and for Low's introduction; but the title is a mistake. It should be "Some caricaturists and some political cartoonists." The Halcyon Press edition of some of Poe's stories is beautifully printed, and Mr. Buckland Wright's illustrations have magnificent rhythmical force. This is rather an expensive trip; but then Poe takes one to queer and distant shores. To their admirable series of Blake facsimiles Messrs. Dent have now added *Daughters of Albion*: it is one of the most splendid of the prophetical books, and the most concise. Lastly, a frivolous journey

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with Mr. Humbert Wolfe, who has been sadly mismated with Mr. Edward Burra. Mr. Wolfe lampoons many theatrical folk, always with wit, often with justice; but most of Mr. Burra's accompanying images are neither portraits nor caricatures. Here is one of Mr. Wolfe's best:

> C. is the Censor. He keeps the stage clean
> By ruling out God and the Crown as obscene.

THE NEW BOER WAR

The New Boer War. By LEONARD BARNES. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

The new Boer War is not to be an affair of Mauser *versus* Lee-Enfield; nobody will maffick, no medals are to be struck, and there will be no Kipling choruses. For all these things we may be devoutly thankful. It is to be carried on for us, in the immediate future, at any rate, by Mr. J. H. Thomas as Minister in Charge of the Dominions Office. This Office, whoever may be its Parliamentary head, is in it "for the duration"—with such backing as it may get from the House of Commons. As every voter in Britain who reads Mr. Barnes's serious book can bring his or her influence to bear in some quarter of the House, it may be hoped that the Dominions Office, realising the support that it enjoys in the nation, will stand unshaken in the discharge of a trusteeship for threequarters of a million Africans, whom we may not desert without incurring the stain of treachery.

Embedded in the self-governing Dominion which we know as the Union of South Africa, there is a patch about twice the size of the County of Yorkshire which is solely under the rule of the Government and Parliament of Britain at Westminster. This is Basutoland. Abutting on the Transvaal and Natal, respectively, are regions of 275,000 square miles and 6,705 square miles, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Swaziland, similarly ruled by Britain. General Hertzog has publicly spoken in favour of "the control of these native protectorates being handed over to the Government of the Union of South Africa as soon as possible." The answer must be "No!" Thus the new war is on.

What, next, is behind it? That is quite simple. It is a campaign on the one hand for the right to dispose of lands still in African ownership and for the right to compel the lives and labour of Africans for the profit of white South Africans. Against this there is our attitude that these African men, women and children, whose fate is in the balance, shall be assisted to develop into free citizens on the soil of their own countries. In the terse words of Mr. Barnes the issue is a conflict of Brutalitarianism *versus* Trusteeship. The reinforcement that British voters can bring to bear is steady insistence that these Africans, at present directly ruled by an Office of State in Britain, shall enjoy self-determination at least to this elementary extent, that they shall be surrendered to no other rule without their own free consent, willingly given and honourably obtained. The war is over if this insistence is forthcoming. This book should evoke it.

For reasons which the book expounds, African development in all three Protectorates is in a lamentably backward state. What we here read of Bechuanaland is almost beyond belief. It exhibits the *reductio ad absurdum* of indirect rule. Financial obliquity by African chiefs reaches a pitch which leaves the reader with an uneasy suspicion that higher officials than chiefs must have been on the make in perpetuating such a farcical parody of administration. The chiefs can raise what money they like from the tribes-folk. They can spend as much of it as they like how they like. They have not until recently been required to get Government sanction in levying or spending. *The auditor is an unknown figure.* Court records are not kept. There are "slave tribes" within the native community whose members may be flogged to death or mutilated, their owners receiving only trivial penalties, if any. The report of an inquiry in September, 1931, into this system has not been published. "The traditional powers of chiefs and headmen in regard to flogging are, in fact, so commonly and so outrageously abused as to constitute perhaps the most crying scandal in a land of scandals." The remedy advanced is to discontinue staffing the administration by the selection of "men on the spot," many of whom have had no better equipment than a Police training, and gradually to introduce fresh personnel through the Appointments Branch of the Colonial Office in London. The earlier of such appointees would go out to a "rough house," but plenty of men can be found who don't mind that.

A notable chapter in the book contrasts our performance in Tanganyika with the best that can be said for any of these three Protectorates. Swaziland is held up as the bright spot in these dismal lands and it, be it noted, has latterly been under the control of a Resident transferred there from our Colonial service in East Africa. Elsewhere, visionless inertia seems to be the paralysing influence that keeps African effort and administrative guidance alike at such a low level. The remedy is the author's proposal that Government officers, African chiefs and small delegations of tribes-folk should be financially assisted to travel in Tanganyika and Uganda. Example would prove a certain though not an instant stimulus to reform and progress.

Space will not here allow even a glancing allusion to the mass of facts with which Leonard Barnes drives home his grim message. The book should be bought and studied and lent. Study circles should get busy with it this winter. Every member of Parliament should hear of it from some or other of his or her constituents with even less loss of time. That way peace lies—and, ultimately, a new light in millions of African eyes, even far outside the boundaries of the three Protectorates.

W. MCGREGOR ROSS.

A CHRISTMAS ANDERSEN

Fairy Tales. By HANS ANDERSEN. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. Harrap. 15s.

This book will be bought for its illustrations. Mr. Rackham has made a pilgrimage to Denmark, noted the faces and interiors, and even talked with an old lady who once under cover of a dining-room table heard Andersen read some of his tales. No doubt also he has made the pilgrimage of Andersen's books—one hopes, the travels and the *Story of My Life*—and has chosen to depict the legendary Andersen, whose charm, humour and occasional sadness have made him a nursery classic. It is not the whole of Andersen, or even perhaps the most important part of him, for one misses in Mr. Rackham's illustrations and in his selection of the stories the poetry and wild flight of that eccentric genius. Andersen was a tragic figure, a childish visionary with the nerves of a poet, and nobody can read far in his books without being poignantly aware of his tragedy and the strange, exquisite escape from it. He is the poet of a child's world and of *flight*. Well, Mr. Rackham gives us the old stay-at-home figure—a cosy, impish, Christmas uncle. The mood of his illustrations is mostly that of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; he draws gnomes and quaint, wistful figures, and his colours have the subdued delicacy of china-painting. He has put Andersen, very prettily, on a saucer. His treatment of "The Ugly Duckling" is characteristic; he shows us only the flutter of the duck-pond. A comparison of the translation of this story with the version in Dr. M. R. James's *Forty Tales from Andersen* will show how much of Andersen's poetry has been missed in the present edition. The shoot (when the duckling lies hidden in the reeds) becomes here a "hunt"—"A great *hunt* was going on. The *hunters* were lying in wait all round the moor—some were even sitting up in the branches of the trees"; and one of the best passages in the story loses half its effect. Andersen was careful of his detail; his realistic touches are invariably good. Still, though Mr. Rackham, and even more his anonymous translator, have missed much, he has produced a book which is pleasant to look at and keep, and which will no doubt survive many seasons.

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immensely greater fun was less than four years ahead of him. He found it, indeed, an embarrassment of riches :

> When the Great War broke out and I started with the enormous prestige of having prepared the fleet in spite of so much opposition and of having it ready according to the science of those days, almost to a single ship, at the fateful hour, I made the singular mistake of being as much interested in the military as in the naval operations. Thus, without prejudice to my Admiralty work, I was led into taking minor military responsibilities upon my shoulders which exposed me to all those deadly risks on a small scale that await those in high stations who come too closely in contact with action in detail. . . . Those who are charged with the direction of supreme affairs must sit on the mountain-tops of control ; they must never descend into the valleys of direct physical and personal action.

There is no need to labour the point that Mr. Churchill is as versatile in literary style as he is in action. He has his natural voice, which expresses his bellicose high spirits, his courage, good humour and knowingness, and hauls along even the most pacific reader at a quick narrative pace. Thus he reproduces with pride the worst which Low has done to him and makes a characteristic retort. But he has also a loud speaker, an instrument of deadly sonority from which he produces endless variations of stunning military metaphor. One of his papers—" Shall we all commit suicide ? "—begins flatly : " The story of the human race is War ". With that axiom before us it is not surprising that most of these discourses are sooner or later blasted by the rhetoric of conquest. Indeed, as one reads on one learns to be nervously apprehensive of the moment when Mr. Churchill will reach for his loud speaker. He ends his book by telling how, after abandoning " the mountain tops of control " in 1915, he watched his children at their paint-box one day and resolved to try that as an anodyne. He stands dithering before his blank canvas, unable to make a start, when Lady Lavery arrives, seizes his biggest brush and shows him how to lay on valiantly. All this is described with brilliant humour : at last one is safe with the arts of peace. But no, Lady Lavery with her valiancy has set Mr. Churchill off again—" In all battles two things are usually required of the Commander-in-Chief. . . ."

It was inevitable that Mr. Churchill would ask himself and us where we have got to after all his adventures, and he faces this in his Romanes lecture of 1930. He has (on his loud speaker) an impregnable confidence in our Parliamentary institutes to deal with politics, even socialist politics. But they were never designed to deal with these economic problems, in the light of which classical economic doctrine, Treasury views and the like are beginning to look shabby. Mr. Churchill would like to see the Mother of Parliaments delivered of a daughter, a small assembly composed of business experts with nothing to do but deliberate economic panaceas and report to the parent body. It will all come right ; " Britain is unconquerable," but we must work hard :

> We see our race doubtful of its mission and no longer confident about its principles, infirm of purpose, drifting to and fro with the tides and currents of a deeply disturbed ocean. The compass has been damaged. The charts are out of date. The crew have to take it in turns to be Captain ; and every captain before every movement of the helm has to take a ballot not only of the crew but of an ever increasing number of passengers. Yet within this vessel there abide all the might and fame of the British race and all the treasures of all the peoples in one-fifth of the habitable globe.

It is singular that an ex-senior officer of this ship has never noticed that it is only part of a convoy. BARRINGTON GATES.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Future of East and West. By Sir FREDERICK WHYTE. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.

Not only is Sir Frederick Whyte's " Essay in Surmise," as he calls it, the ablest volume so far published in the World Problem series ; it is as masterly a summary of a great issue as we have had in recent years —admirably written and brilliantly condensed. It opens with a brief statement of the present Asia-Europe crisis, the direct if not inevitable result of the remarkably altered relations between East and West, the beginning of which may be dated from the victories of Japan over Tsarist Russia in 1905. The generalisation that Asia is one has no truth in it, Sir Frederick rightly insists. Between the three mutually repellent worlds of Moslem, Hindu, and Mongol there are greater gaps than exist between any European races, and the three great divisions of Asia have reacted to the West in widely different ways. Writing from his special knowledge of Indian and Far Eastern affairs, Sir Frederick Whyte attempts an estimate of the chances and opportunities of the near future in India, China and Japan. He is precise in noting

Christmas!

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COBDEN—SANDERSON

the difficulties of the Indian problem since the second Round Table and the dangers inherent in Japanese military imperialism, stimulated, as that new force is, by the chaos of China, the preoccupation of Soviet Russia, and the weakness of Geneva. The little book is most valuable, and it could not have been better timed.

The Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse. Edited by ERIC PARKER. Seeley, Service. 10s. 6d.

The fairest test of any anthology is to ask whether we could reasonably wish anything away. Put to that question Mr. Parker passes with honours. He has given us the indispensables, Walton and "Nimrod" and Nyren, Peter Hawker and—no, Selous is missing. He has ravaged literature for poem and prose dealing with sport. Surtees and Hazlitt, J. C. Squire and Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, Siegfried Sassoon and John Masefield and George Meredith, Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, Smollett and Dickens (Winkle on the ice), Conan Doyle and Andrew Lang, Frank Bullen and George Borrow (the Flaming Tinman fight), Browning and Thomas Hughes, are among the elect; a varied and goodly company. Moreover, he has, as he wished, given us agreeable surprises: Francis Thompson's "At Lord's," is cheek by jowl with Jeff Prowse's charming eulogy of Alfred Mynn. Prowse is described in the bibliography as otherwise unknown. Yet Andrew Lang once found a book of his in a twopenny box and went into raptures over his raffish "Captain," with his wittily inconsequent prose. He has long been forgotten, and it is pleasant to see his name again.

The Isle of Auks. By NICHOLAS POLUNIN. Arnold. 10s. 6d.

The island of Mr. Polunin's title is Akpatok, in the American Arctic Archipelago south of Baffin Land, which was explored and surveyed for the first time last year by the Oxford University Expedition. Avoided by the eskimos, represented on an old chart as being sixty miles in length instead of half that number, Akpatok was found to be a rugged region of limestone cliffs, sharp rocky surfaces and deep ravines, inhabited by sea birds and polar bears. The author, who was botanist to the party, has left the scientific results of the venture to be dealt with in the official report, and has written a personal narrative based on his diary. The story he tells exhibits all the happy-go-lucky ease and energy of youth. It is possible that some modification of the daring confidence which characterised the expedition might have spared it the loss of its leader, Christopher d'Aeth, through fatigue and exposure. With the author he set out—almost casually, it would seem—to reach the north point of the island, Hell Cliff (the resources of the party in the matter of names are not remarkable), and although they were overtaken by night and a blizzard, no anxiety appears to have been felt by those in camp. Mr. Polunin, describing the hardships and endurance of this effort with a tense simplicity, tells how he eventually stumbled back alone to send out help to his exhausted companion. But it was too late to save d'Aeth, who died while the rescue party were carrying him in.

The Passing of the Black Kings. By HUGH MARSHALL HOLE, C.M.G. Philip Allan. 15s.

The story of the Bantu Kingdoms of the Matabele, Bechuana, and ba-Rotse and their kings is the story of South Africa from the time when the whites of Cape Colony began to move north in force down to the establishment of Rhodesia; and Mr. Hole tells it from the Bantu angle, though not precisely from the Bantu point of view, which, impossible probably in the case of any white historian, is doubly impossible in the case of one who holds that blacks and whites are of different "species," that the hatred of miscegenation is an "instinct," and, apparently, that the loss of their land, independence, and culture is a small thing when set against the civilisation—but taxes, the dignity of labour, etc.—that has been forced upon the Bantu peoples. Mr. Hole, however, tells his story well. He gives us a clear idea of the manner in which the Kingdoms of Lobengula, Khama, and Lewanika came into being; and how these not unskilful diplomatists were outwitted by the acquisitive whites. The points that the Matabele, like all the Zulu, tribes were ruthless military invaders, and that the whole of the black world labours under the curse of witchcraft, are perhaps a little unnecessarily laboured.

Stand to Your Horses. By SABRETACHE. Ocean Publishing Co. 21s.

The announcement on the title page of this bright quarto is too long to quote, but it indicates, in a manner borrowed from the seventeenth century, that the whole art of horsemanship is to be learnt from it. The *Tantivy Towers* type of entertainment has evidently pricked Sabretache into response. How inconceivable that we should really drop our final g's, talk in equestrian simile of our ladies, or come down to breakfast in pink coat and spurs! But inaccurate gaiety cannot be countered by solemnity; the author's design is to squeeze in some information under a general covering of quips and cranks. The latter predominate, the former can be found by the assiduous, although the too-innocent reader should be warned that his attempts to mount a horse under instruction may be thwarted by a sharp pulling of the leg. Ancestored aristocrats and upstart plutocrats figure in smart little stories with a moral, wherein the correct and the impermissible in speech and action are contrasted. As the fool's cap is the general wear here, the orthodox itself is guyed, but lovingly, in a style that shows the author to be no delinquent.

American Literature, 1880-1930. By A. C. WARD. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ward's book is meant as an introduction to modern American literature. Its usefulness is partly spoilt by two things. In summarising a movement or a writer's achievement, Mr. Ward seems sometimes to rely on doubtful second-hand knowledge. For example, he states that Edwin Arlington Robinson "has been praised by the critics as much as he has been neglected by everyone else"; whereas the fact is, that Robinson's books have sold in large quantities. The second fault of Mr. Ward's book is that in giving an account of a writer's thought he falls back too often on cliché. "All the time," he writes, "Emily Dickinson is saying that wealth and glory do not exist anywhere unless they first exist in one's Self." A good many people are saying that all the time: such paraphrase of a poet's thought is liable to end in a Pelmanised view of literature. But Mr. Ward's book is distinctly useful: he does not leave out much, he quotes freely, and provides an adequate reading list.

Education Through Recreation. By L. P. JACKS. University of London Press. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Jacks believes in Higher Recreation for the unemployed. (The exact meaning of Higher Recreation is indicated by the capital letters, though he is also specific in one place, where he mentions the art of Pavlova.) This is surely better than waving red flags and calling on the "workers of the world to unite." Teach them toe-dancing, Russian ballet and "rhythmic human companionship." And the principle of this Higher Recreation will be extended from the unemployed to all classes of society. For this a National College of Recreational Culture will be established, and at a later point in the development of the Idea, a University of Creative Achievement. As a series of lectures Dr. Jacks' Chautuqua rhetoric might impose on the most sceptic (such is the power of personality), but the printed word shows it up in a distressing nakedness. For a man of Dr. Jacks' reputation a book of empty generalisations of this kind can be described only as an unfortunate irresponsibility.

About Motoring

YOUR CAR IN WINTER

IF a motorist possesses a really modern house in which the garage has at most two outside walls and shares the domestic heating system, winter confronts him with no special disagreeables apart from those items of visibility which go with longer nights and a murkier atmosphere. But if, like most of us, he stores his car in some makeshift shed, winter is full of unpleasantnesses for him, and his problems centre round engine-starting. For, truth to tell, the typical motor car battery wilts under the repeated stress of starting a cold engine, unless the daily runs are extremely prolonged and permit the dynamo to restore the electrical energy consumed in starting; and few people except commercial employees habitually travel long distances in a British winter. Once more, if the owner be a man of thews and energy, he can relieve the battery by utilising his starting handle to shear all the oil films on cold mornings, switching off his ignition during the process to avert possible backfires. But car owners are elderly rather than young; and the modern starting handle is an instrument of torture. It lacks the positive grip of the old fixed handles; and approach to it is hedged in by lamps and fenders to such a degree that it is seldom easy to take up the correct position, and to avoid abrasions when the handle slips off its claws. Fortunately there are resources which diminish all these difficulties; and as they are not familiar to every novice they shall be set out forthwith. First and foremost, winter should be faced with sparking plugs and ignition in perfect order; the expenditure of a sovereign on four new plugs is no extravagance, if an owner cannot trust himself to vet, clean and adjust old plugs. Secondly, the summer oil should be drained out of the sump, and replaced by the very lightest of the oils specified in the instruction manual. Of these light oils, some gum worse than others, and the local garage will readily name the best of them. Thirdly, the addition of a little upper cylinder oil to the standard engine lubricant has a moderate tendency to reduce gumming. Fourthly, the carburetter was originally set at the factory to suit a stiff, new engine, and it is possible that five minutes attention at the nearest service station may improve its adjustment. All possible steps having now been taken to minimise labour, a new procedure should be adopted. If the owner can face the time and exertion involved, the starting handle should always be used to free the engine with the switch off, and the electric starter button should not be

LOW'S Famous Cartoons as Christmas Gifts

The above sketch of Mr. H. G. Wells was the first of a series of 20 which appeared as Supplements to "The New Statesman." The plates have been destroyed and only a limited balance of stock is available. The sketches are printed on special paper, and the small reproduction above gives very little idea of the quality of the offset printing.

SUBJECTS:

1 Mr. H. G. WELLS	11 LORD BEAVERBROOK
2 Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD	12 Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN
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4 LORD OXFORD	14 Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL
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8 Mr. LLOYD GEORGE	18 Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN
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pressed until the engine is comparatively free. If the owner be too old or weak or idle to tackle this simple precaution, a somewhat outrageous dodge is his best resource. When the car is garaged at night, the strangler should be pulled right out a few seconds before the engine is switched off. This action will fill the cylinders with rich mixture, and if the compression joints are tight, some of the rich charge will remain next morning, and insure a start when the cold petrol in the carburetter feels too sulky to vaporise freely. The remnant of the overnight charge may not suffice to get the engine running properly, but it will produce a few initial explosions, which will shear all the oil films, evaporate any moisture, and raise the engine temperature, thus serving to accelerate a normal functioning of all the parts. The scandal of this treatment is that the rush of rich mixture may wash oil off the pistons and cylinder walls, which may be comparatively dry next morning. But, in life, of two evils we endeavour to choose the lesser, and many folk regard a slight acceleration of engine wear as preferable to buckling their battery plates, or asking the local garage to lend them an extra battery. If this ruthless method of insuring a start on the button is freely employed, the use of upper cylinder oil in the fuel is compulsory; and my experience is that this extra lubricant compensates for the piston-washing resulting from my advice. In any case, the engine when once started should be run in the tick-over position until it is completely at its ease; it is a crime to put a sulky, misfiring, half-frozen engine on the road. The engine is not ready for the road until depression of the accelerator pedal produces the natural response—any sluggishness in answering to the throttle is a sign that the engine is not yet ready. Its readiness can be accelerated by a thermostat, by keeping the radiator shutters closed, or by leaving the rugs on the radiator until the engine is thoroughly warmed up.

The second disagreeable of the season is the risk of a frozen radiator or waterjacket, which will produce a substantial bill of costs. This is easily countered nowadays by putting anti-freezing mixture into the radiator. Prices and other firms sell the necessary dope at the cost of 7s. 6d. for a small car, or 15s. for a large car; and it entirely nullifies all such risks.

I wish I could speak as glibly of the fog peril. Of the making of fog lamps there is no end, but the only true remedy for countering fog at night is to leave the car in the garage, and to travel by rail. Fog lamps should be mounted, since the most cautious of us must occasionally find himself benighted; but the best of them is of very limited use. Quite apart from the throwback effect of the fog particles, the driver must open his windscreen to the full to improve his very imperfect vision. Many windscreens cannot be opened sufficiently, and if one owns a car with a screen which can be laid horizontal, passengers have grown so tender in these days of saloons that their wails usually become piteous.

Skidding is a grossly exaggerated danger. Except when the roads are filmed with certain varieties of ice and snow, the sane driver need never dread a serious skid. Dangerous skids are invariably due to fast cornering and violent braking. A rational reduction of speed provides a satisfactory corrective to this peril under all ordinary road conditions. In ice and snow only the expert should venture abroad, and he may require Parsons chains at any moment. The tyro should garage his car until the ice or snow has disappeared. Nevertheless, since suicidal pedestrians and others may at any moment compel us to brake hard, it is wise to fit new treads to all four wheels.

A radiator muff is not necessary when glycerine is put in the radiator; but its small cost is always justified if the car has to be parked in the open during the day, as it keeps the water warm in readiness for a restart, and so saves the batteries.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 22.—SELLING SWEEP

Grabbe has just been elected to the Plutes'. He overhears two members talking about the forthcoming selling-sweep on the Derby.

"This is how it works," says Oldbird to Egge. "Tickets are £10 each. When as many tickets as possible have been sold the horses are drawn and auctioned. Half the price realised on each horse is added to the proceeds of the sale of tickets; this forms the prize fund. The other half of what is realised on a horse is paid over to the holder of his ticket. The tickets, after the auction, are the property of those who buy them, and with what becomes of them I am not concerned."

"Well?" asked Egge.

"This is the point," said Oldbird. "The tickets at £10 each are grossly undervalued. There are forty horses running this year, and I have no doubt they will be sold at an average price of £250."

"I see," said Egge. "We form a syndicate and buy a lot of tickets. I should think there will be 200 tickets sold; we'll put up £1,000 and take another 100."

Grabbe, who before hearing this conversation had not thought of investing in the selling-sweep, at once determines to buy whatever number of tickets will hold out the highest expectation of profit.

How many tickets does he buy?

PROBLEM 20.—GUESSWORK

The problem here, of course, lies in determining how many boys competed. It will be found that there were four of them, and the solution is a symmetrical one. George on the first night won *nine* games.

PROBLEM 19.—STOTTLE'S WILL

Alas! still no solution, and no award. I am rather depressed about this.

TO MY READERS

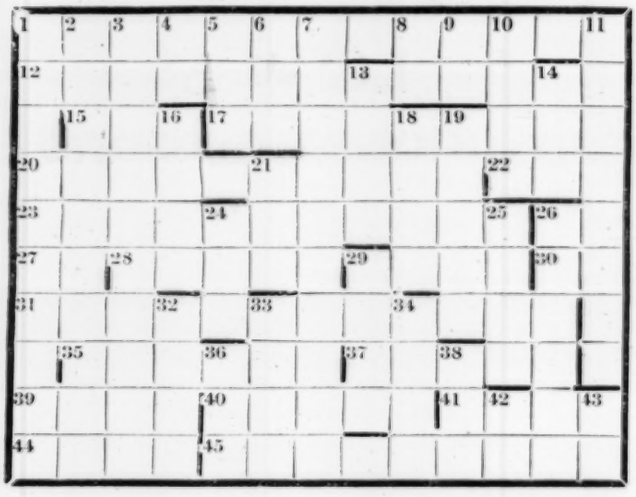
PLAYTIME DINNER.—Wednesday, January 11th. Particulars shortly.

NEXT WEEK I shall announce a new series of prizes, the award of which will be based *exclusively on skill*. These will take the place of *one* of the sets of cartoons.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Dec. 27th.

CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Mollusc.
12. Wind that blows few any good.
13. Cornishman's cleft.
17. I measure changes in volume.
20. Still in possession.
22. You can hear one any night.
23. Calls out life.
26. A couple of gases.
27. Earmarked for U.S.A.
28 *rev.* Beast descriptively named.
29 *rev.* There are four of Court.
30. End of 37 *rev.*
31. Practised by Lady Macbeth.
35. Architectural order.
37 *rev.* Presiding spirits.
39. Denotes opposition reversed.
40. Prizefighters are urged to give them.
41. Blood's ally in Prussia.
44. Tax.
45. Shiny, I suppose.

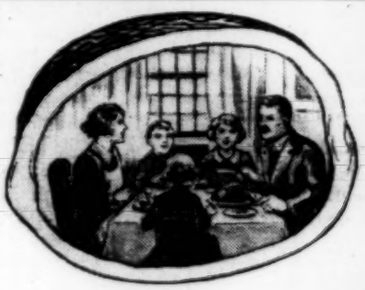
DOWN.

1. Carrying inspiration.
2. For sharpening the razor.
3. Familiar properties in the "Pirates of Penzance."
4 *rev.* Cheerful with S.
5 *rev.* Gave his name to a unit.
6. Contorted one.
7. Holy.
8. See 4.
9. Volume after 4 *rev.*
10. Reached a high level in Greece.
11. British county.
13 *rev.* Life in Greece.
14. Stout-hearted before 25.
15. Threatened with separation.
18. Mr. Lewis's street.
19 *rev.* Vacant.
21 *rev.* Miss Macaulay's shore.
24. Cut uncut.
25. See 14.
26 *rev.* Mug.
29 *rev.* Painters paint in them.
32 *rev.* Balanced.
33. My plural is popular in Lancashire.
34. Twisted skein.
36. End of many a study.
38. Nowt.
42, 43. Might produce a disaster in the Row.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. calf. 4. airs. 7. adit. 11. one. 13. lime. 15. sick. 17. S.W. 18. W.E. 20. vale. 22. Rome. 24. (Adrian. 26. awed *rev.* 28. Rome. 30. R.N.V.R. 32. tern. 34. name. 36. Nike. 38. any. 40. Eton. 42. rice. 44. B.A. 45. ve(ar). 47. East. 49. O.U.D.S. 51. Tor(quay). 53. darn. 55. rope. 57. tart. 59. port. 61. oust. 63. game. 65. cuss. 66. Amen. 67. ogre. 68. (ga)me.

DOWN.—1. cow. 2. an(imated). 3. flaw. 4. ail. 5. I'm. 6. moss *rev.* 7. aim. 8. D.C. 9. vast *rev.* 10. own. 12. ever. 14. more *rev.* 16. kink. 19. Eden. 21. Oare. 23. Eric. 25. stay. 27. ants. 29. dine *rev.* 31. rear. 33. near. 35. pure *rev.* 37. Ebor. 39. year. 41. soon *rev.* 43. mate *rev.* 46. mode *rev.* 48. true. 50. star. 52. ape. 54. mon *rev.* 56. egg. 58. tie. 60. ta(ta). 62. 64 *rev.* tome.



IN A NUTSHELL

—The C.A. Christmas Problem

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Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

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WHETHER we work in the Capitals of Europe or in Africa, whether in the Near East or India or China, our aim is the same—express it how you will: "To understand to love, to serve"; "To help men realise their divinity, and their deep spiritual unity with one another and with God"; "The ministry of healing and reconciliation."

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You helped us in stricken Europe immediately after the War — we still need your support today.

WE BELIEVE that there are many outside our borders who will gladly help when they know of the need.

Please send your gifts to:—

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"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

may we be truly thankful and mindful of the wants of others"

When you are gathered round your table for dinner on Christmas Day will you please remember the 370 fatherless boys and girls in the Alexandra Orphanage at Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, N.W., and give an opportunity for all present to contribute a small Christmas donation towards the funds? These boys and girls will be having their Christmas dinner and a happy time to follow; but it is only made possible by the gifts of others more fortunately placed who will share their good things with these boys and girls. Your donation should be addressed to the Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O., at the Offices of the

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

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A MOST EARNEST APPEAL FOR A GREAT CAUSE

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President, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

THE DEBT PAYMENT AND THE GILT-EDGED MARKET—PERSIA AND BURMAH OIL—HOME RAILWAY OUTLOOK

IT has been a perplexing week for the security markets. Every day a fresh Note, every Note a fresh tangle. Just because America refused to discuss war debts with reparations at a round-table conference in Europe last July, we have had to discuss war debts with her openly by cable in a series of high-speed eleventh-hour Notes. It comes to the same thing but is less dignified. Indeed, the Notes have ended in farce. This is perhaps a happy denouement, for when a man is too obstinate to leave an untenable position, he is best laughed out of it. It may seem objectionable to the investor to find that war debts are not finally settled but merely postponed to the next crisis, but I think he has many things to be grateful for, especially if he is a holder of British Government stocks. In the first place, no longer need he fear an increase in direct taxation. The Chancellor has stated that the deficit (in sterling) of £29½ millions will be met by savings on Treasury Bills interest and in Sinking Funds not required. The Treasury must borrow temporarily. Because every increase in the floating debt makes an issue of long-term stock—for funding purposes—more desirable, it encourages the Government to take an interest in fostering another advance in the gilt-edged market. In the second place, the political crisis in France is helping the pound by causing another minor flight from the franc, so that there is no excuse for the Governor of the Bank to stiffen money rates unduly in righteous indignation at the raiding of his gold reserves. Government short-dated and medium-dated stocks have already strengthened and the next move will be a recovery in the "longs." The bold spirits have been accumulating what they call "cheap stocks" in this week of perplexity.

* * *

Personally, I am also grateful to Mr. Keynes for his article in the *Daily Mail* this week. I have long been seeking an authority for my conviction that the sanctity of contract cannot be preserved except by the reasonableness of creditors (Inland Revenue, please note) and I am glad to know that the principle of the sanctity of contract is historically, a British conception. This makes it easier for us to forgive the Shah of Persia who, I am told, has not had an Eton or an Oxford education. "Oil concessions we keep and debt contracts we don't" is a motto which no doubt will now be taught in the Persian schools. A settlement of the Persian oil dispute would, of course, be much easier if the British Government were not the majority shareholder in the Anglo-Persian. A commercial compromise is best arrived at without Foreign Office intervention. I am not suggesting that investors should buy Anglo-Persian shares on the decline, but it seems to me reasonable to buy the shares of the Burmah Oil Company which have declined in sympathy. The Burmah Oil Company holds, in addition to its profitable business in India, 1,000,000 Shell Transport and Trading ordinary shares and 2,861,900 Anglo-Persian ordinary shares (excluding the 700,000 Anglo-Persian shares held in the B.O.C. Anglo-Persian Oil Trust). On the basis of its 1931 trading account, the Burmah Oil Company could still earn and pay 17½ per cent. on its ordinary capital even if dividends on its holding of Shell Transport and Anglo-Persian ordinary shares were passed. On the same calculations the dividends on the 8 per cent. (3rd) preference shares of Burmah Oil would still be covered over three times. The prices and yields obtainable on the Burmah Oil preference and ordinary shares are shown in the following table to which I have added, for comparison, the prices and dividend yields obtainable on Anglo-Persian shares.

	Int. Dates.	High Price 1932.	Approx. Buying Price.	Approx. Yield %
Anglo-Persian Oil 8% cum. 1st pref.	J.J.	30/9	23/9	£6 17 3
Anglo-Persian Oil 9% cum. 2nd pref.	J.J.	30/1	22/9	£8 1 6
Anglo-Persian Oil ord. shares	July	58/9	1½	£3 6 8 on 5% divs.
Burmah Oil 8% cum. pref.	A.O.	32/6	29/-	£5 10 9
Burmah Oil ord. shares	J.N.	70/11	2½	£5 18 0 on 17½% divs.

* * *

The evidence given before the National Wages Board of the Railways may be alarming railway stockholders. Labour claims a reduction in the rate of interest on railway fixed interest securities before further wage-cuts are considered. Generally speaking, the debenture and guaranteed stocks, whose dividends are not contingent upon profits, of the four main line groups were not issued when interest rates were high, and the Wages Board is not likely to single out these stocks for attack. Labour would be on stronger ground if it criticised the burden of fixed interest charges arising out of the grouping of the four main lines under the Railways Act of 1922. In many cases, stockholders whose dividends were really contingent on profits were given the status of debenture holders whose dividends are not contingent on profits. Further, the Labour spokesmen should have stressed the improvident financial policy of the railways in the years after the war. Between 1923 and 1926 the railways committed the financial crime of maintaining ordinary stock dividends out of reserves to the extent of £26,000,000. This policy depleted their reserves at a time when capital expenditure was urgently required for the re-equipment and the modernisation of rolling-stock, and even so, it only postponed the evil day of dividend reductions. The Trustee Act is also to blame for inducing the London and North Eastern and London Midland and Scottish to pay dividends which they had not earned in order to maintain for a period the doubtful privilege of "Chancery" trustee status for their prior charges. What is the present position? The spokesmen for the railways have stated that the combined net earnings this year will be about £26,000,000. This would cover the debenture and guaranteed stock interest and dividends but would leave a number of preference stocks short of their requirements. The four groups require to earn (net) £12.9 millions to meet their debenture interest and rentals; £19.2 millions to meet guaranteed stock dividends as well; £34.7 millions to meet preference stock dividends as well; and £48.4 millions to meet all fixed charges and pay 5 per cent. on their equity stocks.

* * *

The *Economist* has estimated the net earnings of the four groups this year as follows:—

	L.M.S.R. (Thous. £)	L.N.E.R. (Thous. £)	G.W.Rly. (Thous. £)	S.Rly. (Thous. £)
Estimated net earnings	10,250	7,400	5,000	4,850
Available after paying deb. and Gtd. stock divs.	4,200	750	1,875	2,480
Div. requirements of senior pref. stocks	3,241	2,130	1,771	2,135
Junior pref. stock div. requirements	1,605	2,646	Nil	Nil
Available for "equity" stocks	Nil	Nil	104	345

The investor must therefore consider railway fixed interest charges in two classes—covered and uncovered as to dividends. In the covered group the most attractive, from the point of view of dividend yield, are the L. & N.E. and L.M.S. guaranteed stocks and the Great Western and Southern preference stocks. It is possible that the Great Western will retain the "Chancery" status for its preference stocks by paying a small dividend on its ordinary capital (to maintain Trustee status in Scotland would require a 3 per cent. ordinary dividend which is too much to expect). The Southern, which reverted to "Chancery" status this year should retain it by paying a small dividend on its preferred ordinary stock from reserves. The prices and yields of the "covered" stocks, are shown in the following statement:—

Covered.	Approx. Price.	Approx. Yield %
L. & N.E. 4% 1st Gtd.	62	£6 11 0
L. & N.E. 4% 2nd Gtd.	46	£8 17 9
L.M.S. 4% Gtd.	75	£5 8 0
G.W. 5% pref.	73	£6 19 3
G.W. 5% red. pref. 1950	87	£5 16 6*
Southern 5% pref.	69	£7 7 6
Southern 5% re l. pref. 1964	73	£6 19 3†

* Yield allowing for re-lin. is £6 7s. 3d. † Yield allowing for redemption is £7 5s. 9d.

The uncovered stocks can only be regarded as trade speculations, but I have shown the yields obtainable on the London, Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. 1st and 5 per cent. redeemable preference stocks on the basis of half the annual coupons being paid.

Uncovered.	Approx. Price.	Approx. Yield %
L.N.E.R. 1st 4% pref.	22	—
L.N.E.R. 1st 5% red. pref. 1955	32	—
L.N.E.R. 2nd 4% (1%)	12½	—
L.M.S. 4% pref.	32½	£6 5 0 on 2%
L.M.S. 5% Red. pref. 1955	50	£5 1 6 on 2½%
L.M.S. 4% 1923	19	—

The market, I should add, is going for 3 per cent. on the 4 per cent. preference and 3¾ per cent. on the 5 per cent. preference stock of the L.M.S.

Before you give—

WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

This Society was founded by Edward Rudolf, Civil Servant and Sunday School teacher, in 1881, on discovering the fact that no central organisation existed to which parish clergy and others could appeal when a case of destitution was discovered. The actual case which brought this fact to his notice is typical of what still occurs in all large cities. The father of a family consisting of his wife and seven children, all under eleven years of age, suddenly died, leaving the widow to battle an existence with nothing whatever upon which they could regularly depend for support. To-day the Society has 110 homes, including three in Canada, while at Frome there is a training centre for Printing Apprentices, and at Standon for farming. There are special homes for both cripple children and babies.

It is the boast of the Society that these places are real homes and not institutions: the children go to the local school, mixing with others in normal daily life. At the present time the Society has nearly 5,000 children, but the crisis has so affected its finances that an Emergency Fund has had to be opened to prevent curtailment of work. £25,000 is urgently needed for this purpose.

FRIENDS SERVICE COUNCIL

A little booklet entitled "Some Incidents in Friends' Work for International Understanding" describes some of the reverberations resulting from the chaotic conditions existing in Europe generally and ends with these words:—

"Brought face to face with problems of such magnitude, the Quakers move forward across the world often bewildered and faltering yet holding by their faith in the way of peace that can overcome the conflict of hatred and revenge. *There is little that is spectacular in their work to catch the public eye and fire the imagination.* But theirs is the effort to struggle for the next hard-won step forward, in the darkness and the chaos of present world-events."

The Council appeals to all intelligent men and women who have the cause of World Peace and Disarmament at heart to help its work in counteracting "that steady drift towards militarism, to reliance upon armed force that has become so alarmingly manifest in all the European States during the past few years." This work is, of course, only one aspect of a great variety of services that the Friends Service Council render in their various fields which extend to India and China and as far south as Madagascar. Much money is needed to carry on the work, and general instability of exchanges adds yet another difficulty.

THE SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY

The Shaftesbury Society and R.S.U., founded in the "Hungry Forties," is facing a very difficult winter in its varied service for the crowds of children and families packed in miserable homes in mean streets. The 170 Associated Missions in Greater London are in the full swing of the season. Special agencies minister to human needs from before birth to old age, as in Ante-Natal Clinics, Infant Welfare Centres and Day Nurseries, Medical Missions, and there are 8,300 cripples on the Society's Register. The four Seaside Residential Schools have now in them over 250 crippled and ailing children. Several Holiday Homes are also doing fine Winter service. One of the principal activities of the next few weeks is in the distribution of clothing, boots, toys and nourishment for crippled and ailing children. The economic depression has lessened the Society's income, and urgent work has been taken up for which financial help is earnestly invited. Last year's expenditure exceeded £62,000. Gifts of money or of goods will be gratefully acknowledged by The General Secretary, John Kirk House, 32, John Street, W.C.1.

HOWARD LEAGUE FOR PENAL REFORM

The Hon. Secretary of the League informs us that through their recent advertisement in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION several readers have become subscribers to the League. By educating and organising public opinion the Howard League, or its parent societies, have made possible all the great reforms in our penal system during the last seventy years, and it maintains a constant struggle against grievances, apathy and reaction. Nearly all the work is voluntary, but there are inevitable expenses—office, printing, postage. The League needs 200 more guinea subscribers, who should send their subscriptions to Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

The following organisations have been dealt with in previous issues, and addresses are appended for the convenience of readers who may yet wish to send subscriptions.

Alexandra Orphanage, 34, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4
The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.
Royal Nat. Lifeboat Inst., 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
The N.S.P.C.C. Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.
Salvation Army, 101, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4.
Arethusa Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

UPLANDS SCHOOL, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. An open Scholarship of £50 a year and two Exhibitions are offered to girls under 13 on September 21st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

SANDECOTES SCHOOL, PARKSTONE, DORSET. An open Scholarship of £50 per annum is offered to girls over 10 and under 13 on July 31st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

BEDGEBURY PARK, GOUDHURST, KENT. Two open Scholarships, £100 and £80 per annum, are offered to girls under 13 on March 31st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

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Apply for information to Headmaster before February 1st.

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